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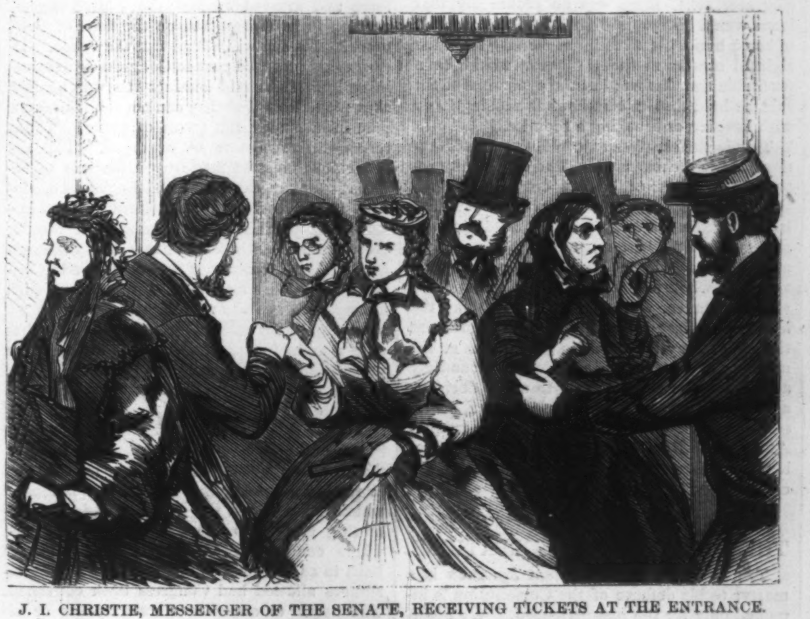
THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

AT one o'clock on Monday, March 23, as already briefly announced in this journal, the Senate resolved itself into a Court for the continuance of the trial of the President. The Impeachment Managers on the part of the House appeared, as did the counsel of the President, and the proceedings of the Court were about commencing in due form, when Mr. GARRETT DAVIS, a Senator from Kentucky, somewhat surprised the Senate and the lawyers present by offering a motion which in effect denied the jurisdiction of the Senate in the case. Chief Justice CHASE at once decided the question by ordering the motion to a vote without debate, and it was rejected by a vote of 49 nays to 2 yeas, only the two Senators from Kentucky voting in favor of it.

The counsel of the President then read his plea and answer to the articles of impeachment. This document is very long, filling over four columns of the daily newspapers. Briefly, it is an explicit, emphatic, and detailed denial of every allegation and charge contained in the articles of the House. It denies any intention of violating the Tenure-of-Office or any other law; denies the correctness of the alleged speeches of the President; affirms his right to express his opinion the same as any other citizen; and, in closing, generally denies in *toto* the entire list of charges.

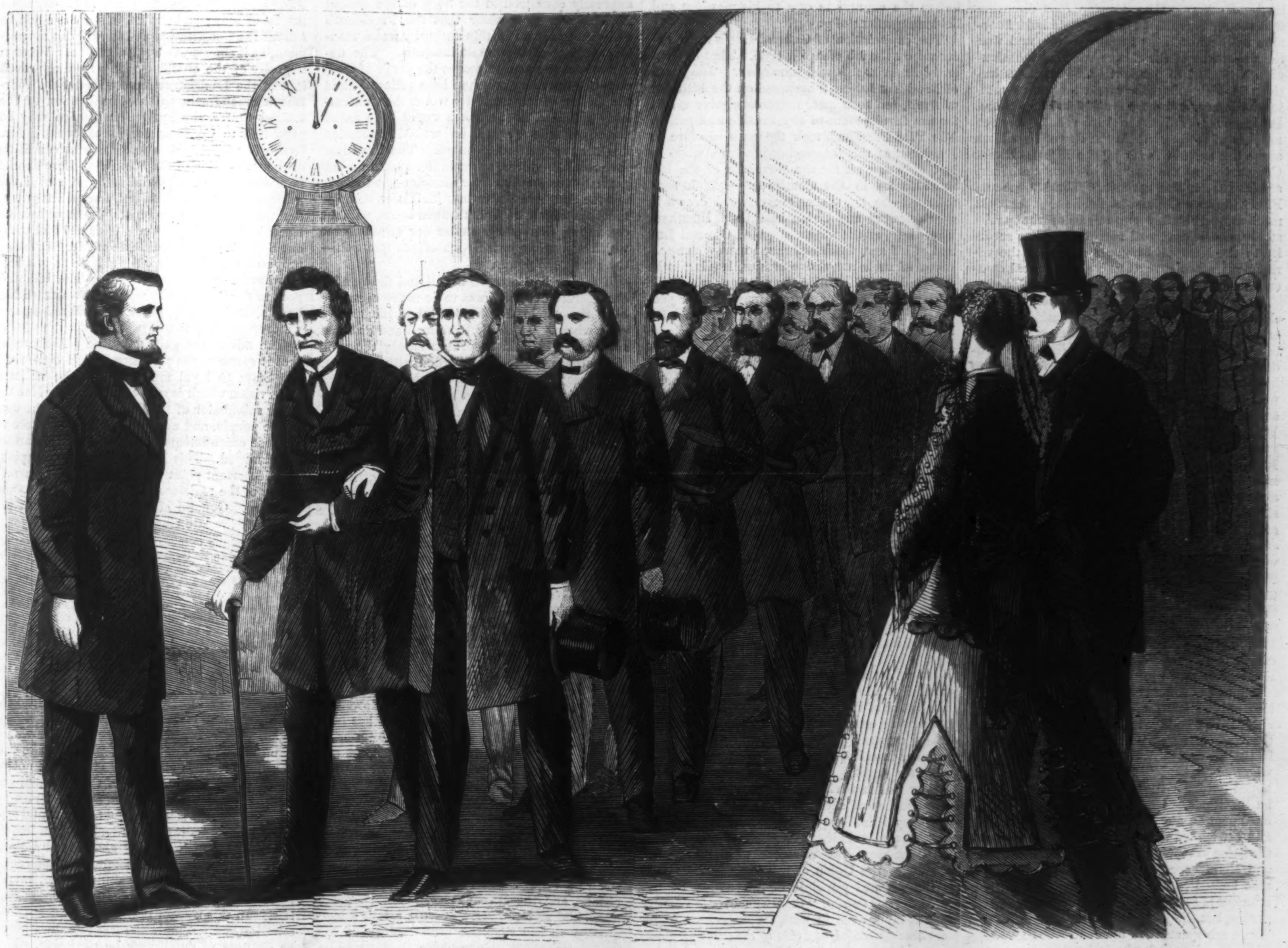
On the following day, March 24, the replication of the House was filed by the Managers of Impeachment. The House simply reasserted the charges, and announced that it stood ready to prove them true.



J. I. CHRISTIE, MESSENGER OF THE SENATE, RECEIVING TICKETS AT THE ENTRANCE.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

The counsel of the President had asked on March 23 for thirty days to prepare for the defense, but this was denied them, and it was ordered that the trial should begin on Monday, March 30. On that day the trial really began in earnest, and has been continued to the present writing in a quiet, but intensely interesting manner.

Our engravings in this issue of the *Weekly* which bear upon this highly important event, are of the most interesting character. On pages 232 and 233 will be found one of the most valuable engravings which has ever appeared in this journal. It is an elaborate and correct view of the interior of the United States Senate Chamber, showing the details of the architecture and fresco-work, the various departments of the gallery, the arrangement of the desks on the floor of the Senate (thus giving at a glance the positions of the Senators, each of whom is portrayed in his designated seat), and the temporary arrangement made for the accommodation of the members of the House of Representatives, and the managers, and the counsel of the President. In the *Weekly* for March 14 we gave a large engraving of the House of Representatives, in which the same features were accurately portrayed. This companion picture of the Senate is on the same scale and plan, and the two together represent the two principal chambers of the national capitol more accurately than any similar drawings yet made. The details of the architecture, etc., are made from photographs of the architect's plans; the numerous portraits of the more prominent members of each House are from photographs fur-



THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL—THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES PROCEEDING TO THE SENATE CHAMBER.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

nished by Messrs. Brady & Co., Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington; and the beautiful design and accurate drawing are by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, our artist at Washington.

On our first page will be found two engravings which explain themselves. Mr. J. I. Christie, the Messenger of the Senate, has been detailed by the Sergeant-at-Arms to receive the tickets of those admitted to the trial, and our engraving illustrates him in the discharge of this duty. When it is known that crowds of old ladies, negroes, etc., etc., indignant at being refused admission to the Capitol of the nation, are continually asking questions, making appeals, and muttering threats, it is apparent that the position is not a sinecure. Four or five policemen are necessary to keep back the crowd which is always waiting here during the session of the Senate for the trial.

The House of Representatives have resolved to attend the trial in Committee of the Whole, and our illustration represents them approaching the door of the Senate, at which they are met by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. George T. Brown, whose duty it is to receive them and announce their presence to the Senate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 11, 1868.

NATIONAL HONOR.

THE favorite plan of argument of the Repudiators is to represent the bondholders as an aristocracy. The repudiating orators hope to excite a sullen class hatred, which will not stop to reason, but will seek its gratification in the ruin of the exclusive class. It is, in fact, the old cry of the poor against the rich. But the truth is, and we hope it will be as steadily and widely proclaimed as the falsehood—the truth is, that the great mass of the bondholders are mechanics and working men and women of every kind. Mr. Jay Cooke remarks in his recent letter upon this subject, which should be universally diffused—for no man in the country knows more of the facts than he: "With the exception of Banks and Saving Institutions there are not many large holders of Government bonds, the great bulk being held by the people, not by the capitalists."

Mr. Cooke here speaks of the Savings Banks as if they were independent individual holders; but every such institution represents hundreds of the smallest holders—domestics, seamstresses, day-laborers, gardeners, clerks, porters, artists, and others. The *Evening Post* discovers that the Savings Banks in this State hold forty-nine millions of United States bonds, and that the depositors of the classes we have mentioned are 488,501 in number. The same institutions in Massachusetts own twenty-five millions of bonds, and there are 316,000 depositors. In Rhode Island these banks hold thirteen millions of the bonds. In the city of New York alone the surplus funds of the Life Insurance Companies, to the amount of twenty millions, are invested in this manner. The Marine and Fire Insurance Companies hold about forty-six millions. Probably two-thirds of the public stocks, not held abroad nor deposited as security by the National Banks, are held by the various guarantee companies; and the real owners are the classes which we have mentioned.

Thus it appears that the bondholders, as a class, are mechanics, laborers, salaried officers, and tradesmen, rather than rich men and capitalists. But the orators and writers who endeavor to deny or to conceal this fact, and to irritate those who have no bonds against those who hold them, push their policy further and attempt also to set section against section. The West, we are told, demands some form of repudiation. Senator Sherman's speech and the Indiana resolutions, it is urged, indicate that it is a demand not confined to Mr. Pendleton and his party. But we showed a fortnight since that this was not true of the West as a section. One of the clearest, most forcible, and conclusive arguments against the impolicy as well as disgrace of repudiation comes from the Finance Committee of the Chicago Common Council. Moreover, as Mr. Cooke informs us, the West took $320,000,000 of the $830,000,000 of the Seven-Thirty loans; Ohio more than $90,000,000, and Illinois more than $70,000,000. The Five-Twenty and other loans were also largely taken in the West.

There are some three or four hundred millions of the bonds of the United States held abroad, and mainly in Germany. They are in the hands of those who trusted the national faith in the darkest hour of our fortunes: of those who were derided as fools by the capitalists who hoped for our destruction, or who believed it to be inevitable. Shall we justify the words of our enemies, and prove that those who trusted and befriended us were fools? Shall we make the name of republic synonymous with dishonor, and shame every generous heart in the world that looked to us to show that a popular government is not only the most powerful and prosperous, but the justest and most upright of all? There are speculative men and true *doctrinaires* who say, why not? who insist that they had no part in making the debt, and are not bound to help pay it; and if you ask, waiving every other question, what would be the result of apprising the world that we would not pay our debts, even those incurred in maintaining the national existence, they reply that governments could then make no more loans, and wars would be at an end. Such a proposition, possible only to a purely *doctrinaire* mind, which views human life as a mere problem in mathematics, closes discussion. "War is an ugly thing," says John Stuart Mill, "but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse."

In considering the general question, the London *Saturday Review*, which during the rebellion was one of the most unscrupulous enemies of this country, and a most contemptuous infidel of our success, says—and with truth: "It is easy to prove that if all questions of honor and morality were set aside, a wealthy nation gains more than it loses by the costliest observance of good faith; but the better class of American politicians deserve credit for opposing direct or indirect repudiation on the ground, not that it is inexpedient, but that it would be a public disgrace.......If there was no probability that loans would be required hereafter, the transfer of some hundreds of millions sterling from the rightful owners to the tax-payer would be a profitable transaction; but the opponents of the scheme hold that calculation has nothing to do with keeping or breaking a promise."

This is the simple and conclusive consideration. It is dishonorable. The tone of the repudiating argument betrays consciousness of this truth. It proceeds at once to show that its proposition is *not* dishonorable. It is, in fact, addressed to the better instincts of the repudiator himself. Even Senator Sherman, who treats the whole subject with suspicious delicacy and reluctance, while he honestly thinks the law, strictly interpreted, gives the Government the *right* to pay the bonds in greenbacks at the maturity of the five-year option, yet candidly admits that he should like "to avoid deciding a question that in the minds of just men, *whichever way decided*, would affect the public credit." And why? Because when a man gravely debates whether he shall be a swindler, he has ceased to be wholly honest.

THE PRESIDENT'S USURPATIONS.

The pretense that President Johnson is a martyr to his defense of the Constitution is intended only for the inexperienced. We maintain, on the contrary, that his present position before the country is due to his manifest and bold usurpations of power.

The capitulation of General Lee's army occurred on the 9th of April, 1865. That of General Johnston followed soon after. The death of President Lincoln occurred on the 15th day of April, too soon after these conclusive events for the development of any Presidential policy. The Vice-President took the oath of office as President at this interesting juncture, when he had only to wait for the surrender of the last rebel forces in the Southwest—which soon followed—to know that every sword drawn in opposition to the Union had been sheathed. The terms of the capitulation of General Lee and of his associates embraced merely the *personnel* of their respective armies, leaving to be adjusted with the Union the relations which the revolted States and the great mass of their people should thenceforward occupy. The question embraced that large class which, lately slaves and chattels, had "emerged into the human character."

Two policies were presented for the consideration of President Johnson. One of them, and obviously the correct one, was the convocation of Congress, as the duty of complete adjustment was wholly *legislative*—following, in that respect, the war power which is bestowed on Congress. The other policy was to adopt the English precedents, which devolve the duty of such adjustments on the Executive—the war power in England being wholly Executive to and including the settlement of the terms of peace. President Johnson chose the latter, and thus commenced his usurpations of authority.

In defense of his measures—in which, affecting to represent the Sovereignty of the United States, he gave Governors and governments to States lately in revolt—it is claimed that they were only temporary in their character, and that President Lincoln had set the example. But the action of President Lincoln with respect to Tennessee occurred in the midst of hostilities, when unusual powers appertain to the Commander-in-chief, embracing every thing necessary for success or safety; and the Southern States did not view the action of President Johnson as of a temporary character; on the contrary, it had the appearance of being, and it was treated as being, of a permanent character.

What were the relations of the Southern States to the Union at this juncture? "It is an established principle of international law," said Mr. Calhoun, "that whenever a country is subdued, even in part, *its sovereignty is for the time suspended, and that of the conquering substituted in its place*." This was asserted in behalf of the United States with respect to Mexico, but on the question where the power to exercise the substituted sovereignty resided, he observed: "I readily concede to the President, as Commander-in-chief, many and great powers, but they are such as arise out of exigencies immediately connected with the operations of the army, and its success or safety...... but when he undertakes to exercise power, on his own authority, over subdued territories unconnected with the operations of the army, he exercises, in my opinion, a power not belonging to him. *Congress may by law* authorize him to levy contributions or *to establish temporary governments* in such territory; but it is one thing to exercise it on his own authority, and another to exercise it under the authority of law. The one places him under the control of law, while the other places him *above its control*."

That this doctrine applies to the States which undertook to secede from the Union, and for this purpose to take upon themselves a new and different character from that they previously had, is obvious from a single test. Were the rebel States during hostilities, when their whole energies were concentrated into a public force and arrayed against the United States, entitled to be represented on the floor of Congress? No one will allege that they were. If they could not take part in Congress in determining how we should conduct the war against them, it follows that they can not take the same part in adjusting the terms of peace. These terms still remain to be arranged. This arrangement must be made upon the rule of international law, that, as one of the results of victory, the sovereignty of the United States immediately prevails over a conquered people. Any other idea would enable the Southern States, through means of representation in Congress or in local Legislatures, to obstruct such arrangements as are necessary to the safety of the Union. No other alternative would in that case remain but the further and interminable prosecution of the war.

The error of the President in assuming a wholly different state of things—such, for instance, as that the revolted States were still as States in the Union, their rights unimpaired by the war they waged with terrible energy, and in further assuming that *his* was the authority which could adjust the difficulties—is still operating greatly to the embarrassment of the whole country, which doubtless would have been in as harmonious relations as the circumstances allowed had Congress been convened. The power to assemble "both Houses or either of them......on extraordinary occasions" is expressly conferred in the 3d § of the second Article, and it is clear that the President's omission to act under this authority was a manifest neglect of the public interests. The desire on the one side to escape the perils of treason—for the army only had been relieved—and the feeling of magnanimity which then extensively prevailed in the North would have found some common ground on which restoration might have been safely based. The President undertook, however, to settle the question—the gravest ever presented for decision—and to admit the Southern States into the Union through the bars which he had thrown down, without consulting that power under our Government which alone has jurisdiction of the question—the legislative power.

The war had created a national debt and a confederate debt, one was to be made operative over the whole Union, the other inoperative everywhere. It had left maimed and disabled soldiers and families on both sides; those of the nation were to be rewarded with pensions, and those of the rebels left unprotected by such rewards; it had changed the relations of master and slave so as to require new regulations; and it is perfectly idle to suppose that these and other important questions, and the one which underlies them all, *upon whom the suffrage shall hereafter devolve*, could be arranged without the intervention of Congress.

It was a grave failure of duty to omit the convocation of Congress, inasmuch as the regular session was not to commence until nearly eight months after General Lee's capitulation, during which time the ship of state could go on only under very great disadvantages. Was the idea then entertained that Congress was a body "hanging on the verge of the Government," or was the motive for not convening them founded on objects of personal ambition? The same fundamental error of policy which assumed to act independently of Congress and in defiance of Congress, has been persistently followed by the President as each successive step has been taken by that body in prescribing the terms of peace. The country has been kept apart and in difficulty through this obstruction, until at last a direct assault has been made by the Executive upon the Tenure-of-Office Act, and consequently upon the power of Congress.

This Act undertook to protect the Secretary of War against removal. Such was one of its manifest objects, as the President well knew when he *suspended* Mr. Stanton under its provisions, and the Senate; also, under its provisions, had restored Mr. Stanton. It is a mere quibble to say that the immovability of Mr. Stanton was not only not intended but was excepted from the operation of the law. The President himself having settled this point by first *suspending* Mr. Stanton—as this mode of proceeding had no other authority than the Tenure-of-Office Act—is estopped from now claiming that the same Act gave him the power of removal.

We have undertaken to meet the President's additional ground, that this Act is unconstitutional, by arguments founded on the specific powers conferred on Congress, wholly at variance with the *implied* power of removal claimed for the President. Subsequent investigation enables us to present the highest authority for the opinions we have thus advanced. Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster (the latter, Vol. 4 of his works, p. 179), Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Clayton, in the debates in 1835 and 1846, agreed in opinion that it is competent for Congress to require, as to all officers, excepting judicial, appointed "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," that the power of removal shall be exercised only in like manner.

It was not alone in debate that Mr. Calhoun thus committed himself, but in his work on the Constitution of the United States, regarded in the light of a testamentary contribution from his mind, at pages 220, 344, and 369, the doctrine is solemnly asserted that it is wholly in the power of Congress thus to fix the tenure of offices except of the judicial; that the concession made to the President by the Congress of 1789 is unconstitutional; and that it is necessary to the safety of the Union to prevent the exercise of the power of removal by him, without "the advice and consent of the Senate."

That he alone is not the safe depositary of this power appears from the fact that he persists in retaining in office all those persons connected with the Internal Revenue Department whose frequent abuses and gross neglect of the public service are the subject of just complaint by those who are immediately responsible to the Secretary of the Treasury.

The country demands to know why these offenders are retained? But one answer can be given. They are the professed friends of the President, and he does not hesitate to consider allegiance to *himself* as a higher recommendation than would arise from fidelity to their trust or from allegiance to the Government.

THE ALABAMA BILL.

The Alabama bill that passed the House by a vote of 102 Republicans to 29 Democrats, one Republican, Mr. Williams, of Pennsylvania, not voting, makes the Constitution lately submitted in that State a provisional organic law. The officers elected under it are to qualify upon the 1st of May; and the Legislature is again to submit the Constitution with or without amendment, as it chooses, to a popular vote. When a majority of the qualified voters have approved it, and the Legislature have adopted the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the State Constitution may be presented to Congress for its approval. Mr. Stevens proposed as a fundamental condition of the restoration of the State that there should be universal and impartial suffrage, and if the privilege were ever abridged, except for crime, that the act should be void, and the State become again a "waste territory." This was lost without a division—the usual fate of Mr. Stevens's propositions, who at least never leaves any doubt of what he thinks and means. The bill now goes to the Senate, where Mr. Stewart, of Nebraska, had already previously offered it, and we presume that it will pass.

The advantage gained by the substitute is, that it commits the provisional civil control of the State to loyal men; retains the military supervision which is still essential; provides for a fair submission of the Constitution to the vote of the people, and authorizes the Legislature to propose amendments which are to be separately submitted. This is a very satisfactory plan. The important point is to know whether a majority of the registered voters approve the Constitution. General Meade, in his report of the results of the late election, says:

> "I am of the opinion that a revised Constitution, more liberal in its terms, and confined to the requirements of the Reconstruction laws, would, in Alabama—as I have reason to expect it will in Georgia and Florida—meet with the approval of the majority of the registered voters; and I beg leave to call your attention to the difficulty of carrying on a government in a State where so small a population of those qualified to take part in the government are in favor of the organic law; and to insure a larger proportion of what must be the governing class, a more acceptable Constitution should be presented to them for adoption."

The General proposes that the Convention be reassembled to revise its own work; but the revision may be as wisely done by the Legislature. General Meade will doubtless take care that the terrorism of the last election is not repeated; and if a majority of the qualified voters approve the Constitution, and Congress approves it, it will stand as the fundamental law.

Of course, however, General Meade knows, as we all know, that Congress will not approve any Constitution which is not founded upon equal rights. Any political disability, based merely upon color or race, would vitiate the organic law. In this respect the principle of the Constitution lately submitted must remain, whatever changes of detail may be advisable. If to propitiate what General Meade calls "a larger proportion of what must be the governing class," it be necessary to deliver Union men of any kind to the domination of rebels, Alabama will not at present return to the Union. Mr. Kerr, a Democrat from Indiana, declared in the House that the proposed Constitution is despised and loathed by the people of Alabama. General Meade says that he interprets the result as an indication that the registered voters do not desire to be restored under that Constitution. That is possible; but all that we know is, that a majority have refused to speak, or have been prevented from speaking. What we desire, and what the present bill provides, is, that they shall have an opportunity of saying what they do wish. If a majority of the registered voters of Alabama refuse to return to the Union upon a Constitution guaranteeing equal rights, we think their decision should be respected, and that the United States should retain its present immediate government of the State. The one thing that can not be permitted, unless we wholly misconceive the intention of those who sustained the war, and are now paying for it, is, that the political power in the late rebel States shall be intrusted to their disaffected citizens.

We invite the attention of General Meade, and of all good citizens, to the following letter, which we have from a responsible and official source, as an illustration of the methods by which a "Conservative" result was achieved in Alabama:

"Montgomery, Alabama, *March 25*, 1868.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"Much has been said of the various means resorted to by the 'Chivalry' to keep voters away from the polls at the late election in this State. It has been charged that planters had inserted clauses in contracts prohibiting the employés from voting. A friend has lately shown me one of these documents, which has an indorsement in substance as follows: 'Approved January 16, 1868,' and signed by the Probate Judge of Henry County, Alabama. I make the following literal extracts:

"'*Sec.* 4. That said laborers shall not attach themselves, belong to, or in any wise perform any of the obligations required of what is known as the "Loyal League Society," or attend elections or political meetings without the consent of the employer.

"'*Sec.* 5. Any deception used or performed in violation of the provisions of the fourth section subjects the laborers to be discharged at any time without compensation.'

"Investigation has been ordered by the Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama as to the character of contracts entered into in that sub-district, and report will probably be made of the result. I only send this now as a small item of evidence of the fairness with which the opposition conducted matters in this region at the late election."

VANDERBILT *versus* DREW.

The Erie War, in the magnitude of interests involved, the wealth and power of the rival combinations, the extent and variety of means used to compass certain ends, and the character of the respective leaders, is certainly unparalleled in the history of similar contests. Cornelius Vanderbilt on the one side, and Daniel Drew on the other—those twin Colossi of modern Roads—are both men of great forecast, iron will, giant energy, with resources commensurate to their vast undertakings. Around their standards rally an army of shrewd and wealthy capitalists, who acknowledge their leadership.

The Vanderbilt party, having secured, in succession, the control of the Hudson River, Harlem, and New York Central Railways, and virtually of the Cleveland and Toledo Railway, now aim to control the only remaining great trunk line through New York, viz., the Erie Railway. Should they attain this object, they will dominate lines representing $150,000,000 capital, through which the fertility of the unbounded West, and ultimately (on the completion of the Pacific Railroad) the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind," will be poured into the lap of New York.

The Drew party, on the other hand, having *actual* possession of the Erie line, whose broad-gauge main stem reaches, through the Atlantic and Great Western, to Cincinnati, and thence, through the Ohio and Mississippi line, to St. Louis and the Mississippi River on the Southwest, now purpose to extend their broad-gauge from Akron, in Ohio, to Toledo, and thence, over the Michigan Southern line, to Chicago. Such an arrangement, by enabling the Erie Company to send freight through without breaking bulk, would not only add greatly to its stock value, but bring the line into still more direct and powerful competition with its rival, the New York Central, for the trade of the Northwest.

Upon its face the war is an obstinate struggle for ascendency, and both parties have invoked the aid of the Legislatures of New York and New Jersey, the Courts, and the Press—to say nothing of the potential "greenback." The Drew party, having possession of the field, have been able to load down their opponents with $10,000,000 of fresh stock, which they claim is necessary in order to raise money for their proposed improvements. If the Vanderbilt interest can prevent their raising this money they will cripple the present management by just that amount. They charge that this new issue of stock is illegal and void; and so far as the New York Legislature is concerned, it has decided, by a vote of 83 to 33, in favor of Vanderbilt. The immediate effect of this decision was to cause a rise of six per cent. in the market-price of the stock. How even this inconsiderable advantage has been reached, through all the tangled maze of litigation, of orders, attachments, and injunctions, would puzzle one to explain. Columns upon columns of newspaper type have been used in tracing the progress of the suit.

But there is another aspect of the case quite as serious to the litigants. The war is not only a struggle for railroad monopoly, but for speculative gains; and in reality we see the highest legal tribunals of the State operating in the interest of princely stock-gamblers. As the case stands, the Drew party have imposed their new stock upon their opponents at prices ranging from 73 to 83. Should the final decision be in favor of the legality of this issue, then the common stock of the Erie Railway will be intrinsically worth less than forty cents on the dollar, and the Vanderbilt party will find themselves in possession of the Fatal Elephant. In that case, what will they do with it? They will not dare to elevate the market value of the stock, and if they allow it to fall, their losses will be immense. If, however, it shall be decided that the new stock must be canceled, this will be a substantial victory for the Vanderbilt party, as the vast sums which they have paid out for the stock will return again to their pockets. In any event, the matter can only be decided after a long litigation; meanwhile (unless a compromise be effected) those who hold this stock must possess their souls with patience and be prepared for the worst.

Mr. Vanderbilt has proved himself a wonderful alchemist, since he has transmuted those "worthless fancies," Harlem and Hudson, into sound dividend-paying securities; but can he do the same for Erie? Some of the knowing ones think this doubtful, and affirm that the Napoleonic Commodore, after a hundred financial victories, will find his Moscow in Erie; for during an experience of thirty years in Wall Street Daniel Drew has fought many a hard fight, and his immense fortune testifies with what success.

As the fight goes on the rival combinations gain or lose ground alternately. Already the rates of freights and fares on the Erie line have been reduced 33 per cent. This obliges the New York Central, Hudson, and Harlem to reduce their rates to a corresponding degree, involving losses of millions of dollars to the gross earnings of these competing roads, which is all play to the forwarding and traveling public, but financial ruin to the individual stockholders.

Unless a compromise be effected (which is perhaps more than likely), no one can predict the result. One thing is above all apparent, viz., that, while certain persons are benefited by those combinations of capital styled monopolies, the general public are not gainers but losers by them. The common sentiment and interest, the spirit of our institutions, and the tenor of decisions in our highest courts, unite to condemn monopolies.

PROBABLY.

In the midst of every kind of wild and foolish report it is delightful to hear of any thing so peculiarly probable as the nomination of the Chief Justice for the Presidency by the Democratic party. As Mr. Chase officially stated that the Five-Twenties were to be paid principal and interest in gold, the Democracy of the West will probably shout for joy at his nomination, and Mr. Pendleton and his trusty squire Vallandigham would stump their State for their illustrious Democratic fellow-citizen. As Mr. Chase was also one of the earliest and most strenuous advocates of suffrage without regard to color, the Democratic journals which have been alternately humorous and horrified at the suggestion that a man is a man even if not born in Ireland, will probably at once break into loud hosannas. And as no American statesman has more steadily and ably maintained the fundamental doctrine of equality of rights as the only secure foundation of government than Mr. Chase, the great and noble party, whose inspiring watchword is "Niggers have no rights," will probably rally as one man to the support of the successor of Judge Taney.

Probably the Democratic party managers will also nominate Mr. Wade for Vice-President, and will take care that Mr. Sumner, Mr. Kelly, and Mr. Colfax are called into the Democratic Mr. Chase's Democratic cabinet. Under this régime also we shall probably see that eminent Democrat Wendell Phillips induced to enter official life as Attorney-General; while, of course, we should probably find Mr. John T. Hoffman, Mr. William M. Tweed, Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, and the rest of the Democratic dictators of the city of New York urgently insisting upon Mr. Charles S. Spencer as United States Attorney for this District, while Mr. Sanford E. Church would probably hear of nothing but the election of the stanch Democrat Mr. Fenton to the Senate, if the New York Convention, after naming Mr. Chase by acclamation, should fail to nominate the Governor for the second office. As for General Hancock, he would probably inform us that it was evident by his treatment of the freedmen that he had nothing in his eye during his administration in Louisiana but the designation of the Freedmen's friend, Mr. Chase, as the Democratic candidate; while General M'Clellan would probably send by a Dutch schooner a message that he was preparing to change his base from the rocking-chair to the sofa, and hoped, when it was safely accomplished, to forward his congratulations to his more fortunate successor upon the remains of the Chicago platform.

Probably, however, we are mistaken. Probably Mr. Chase's career since he entered public life offers the strongest evidence of his being an available Democratic candidate. Probably he has never been upon any side of any question. Probably in the Senate debates upon the extension of slavery, upon the organization of Kansas, upon all questions involving the overpowering ascendency of the slave interest, it was always impossible to ascertain where Mr. Chase stood. Probably, while some pronounced boldly for slavery, and others as boldly exposed its encroaching tyranny and its inevitable peril, Mr. Chase sat upon the fence and was unknown to the friends of freedom, and not counted among the champions of liberty. All these probabilities make it highly probable that Mr. Chase will be the candidate of a party that is closely chained to the corpse of slavery.

Probably, also, his career as a party leader contrasts unfavorably with that of Mr. Seward. Probably Mr. Seward stands now where he stood in 1852, the hope of the party of free and peaceful and intelligent progress, while Mr. Chase has forfeited the love and respect of a whole generation of earnest young men, has telegraphed that the President's mad and maudlin speeches have saved the country, and has stood at the Presidential elbow applauding, while the representatives of the people were denounced and ridiculed. Probably Mr. Chase has asked a shouting mob whether they would have Andrew Johnson for President or King—and has supported his efforts to force Union men of every kind in the Southern States into the power of the late rebels.

Indeed the most probable of all probabilities is, that Mr. Chase will be nominated by the Democrats on the same day that the Republicans nominate Mr. Seward. And we advise all quidnuncs to keep a sharp look out, for they will certainly catch lots of larks when the sky falls.

GENERAL HOWARD AND THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

"Conservatism," or the Democratic party, instinctively sneers at every thing and every body honorably associated with the war in which the party Dagon was demolished. The Freedmen's Bureau is one of the most beneficent and necessary departments of the Government. Its operations, amidst all difficulties and discouragements, are generally efficient and admirable. It is, of course, an exceptional and temporary, but absolutely essential agency of the people, unless we would see the most frightful suffering of every kind. It distributes aid among the destitute of every color and race. It helps to establish, maintain, and protect common schools. It superintends the transportation of the freedmen, and is their visible, present friend in their otherwise friendless exposure to the most cruel chances. When we reflect that emancipation found them ignorant, with no money, no land, nothing but their labor, in a region where labor has been almost paralyzed, with the long habit of servile dependence, and surrounded by those whom circumstances made their enemies, we can easily imagine what must have been their fate had the Government refused to befriend them especially.

General Howard, in his late annual Report, supposed that the Bureau would be allowed to expire in February next, under the law; but to this he gave his consent only upon the consideration that each of the States in which it exists would then be fully restored to the Union, and the freedmen, having all the rights of citizenship, would be able, with the advantages they had already received from the Bureau, and with the aid of the United States soldiers, to protect themselves, provided the educational division of the Bureau were still maintained under the care of the National Department of Education. The restoration of the States, however, being still uncertain, and the Department of Education being virtually abolished, Mr. T. D. Eliot, the early and constant friend of the Bureau in Congress, has introduced a bill, which promptly passed the House, continuing the Bureau for another year.

Of course as the Freedmen's Bureau is an absolutely necessary protection of the emancipated class, it has been bitterly opposed by the party that longs to deliver the freedmen to their late masters. The party opposition to Mr. Eliot's bill in the House was fitly led by Fernando Wood, who, in strict sympathy with the honorable tactics of his party, offered a statement—which he would not guarantee, and merely to excite prejudice—that General Howard held revolting views upon the subject of amalgamation. Mr. Eliot promptly read a letter from General Howard, unequivocally denying that he held or had ever expressed such views. It was a work of superfluity, but it served to expose the falsehood of the assertion. It is not easy to see why Mr. Wood and his conservative party-friends denounce amalgamation as revolting, inasmuch as their political allies in the late rebel States have always been, practically, amalgamationists.

Mr. Wood, also, in his rôle of Democratic leader against the character of one of the bravest and purest soldiers of the war, and with the same honorable intention of striking at the Freedmen through one of their best and most efficient friends, accused General Howard of having become rich by speculating upon the necessities of the Freedmen. This slander, also, Mr. Eliot directly repelled; and when he alluded to the General's loss of an arm in battle, Mr. Blaine justly remarked: "An offense which can not be forgiven on the other side of the House." Indeed, General Howard is secure in the admiration of the nation for which he fought, and the endless gratitude of the race to whose welfare he has devoted himself. And when Fernando Wood appears as the assailant of such a man, it is a spectacle profoundly symbolic and suggestive. It is the spirit of mean servility to an aristocratic class, of contempt of the oppressed, of pandering to ignorance and passion, contrasted with that intelligent and patriotic heroism which means to establish this Government upon the impregnable and eternal foundation of fair play for all men.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The Army Appropriation Bill recently passed was reconsidered by the Senate on March 25, and referred to the Military Committee.

The bill amending the Judiciary Act of 1789 was vetoed by the President on March 25. The Senate and House passed it over his veto by the usual two-thirds vote, and it is now a law.

A substitute for Mr. Stevens's bill admitting Alabama to representation was adopted in the House on March 28. It declares the lately-framed Constitution to be the law for a provisional government for the people of Alabama, authorizes the Governor and members of the Legislature to perform the duties of their offices, provides for the ratification of the Constitution and its presentation to Congress, and enjoins the army officers to furnish aid to the duly elected officers.

NEWS ITEMS.

San Francisco experienced a shock of earthquake on March 24.

The Kansas Republicans favor General Grant and Senator Pomeroy.

The Arkansas Constitution has been defeated by a decided majority.

General Hancock was assigned by the President to the command of the new Department of the Atlantic, with his head-quarters at Washington, on March 28.

The Pacific Railroad is completed to within four miles of the highest summit on the entire route.

The New England Methodist Conference, lately in session in Boston, have adopted resolutions unanimously favoring impeachment and Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The enforcement of the new French army bill, which provides, among other warlike measures, for the reorganization and increase to 800,000 men of the famous *Garde Mobile*, has caused several emeutes in various parts of France; and the people do not show a great disposition to submit to the conscriptions of the nephew as they did to those of the uncle.

They are having the Johnson-Congress quarrel in Venezuela on a small scale. The Executive is protesting against some action of Congress, and the members of that body are in turn protesting against the war which the Executive is carrying on against some rebels.

The British House of Commons has voted to abolish church-rates.

Canada is excited over another Fenian scare. The garrison at Montreal is under arms, and the volunteers all over the country have received orders to be ready. A quantity of Greek fire or phosphorus has been discovered in the Irish part of Montreal, and the Government claims to have news of Fenian preparation at Buffalo and St. Albans. The whole move, however, is said to be for the purpose of pressing a conscription bill through Parliament.

The English army in Abyssinia was, March 6, at Antalo, immediately in front of the strongly-fortified position of King Theodorus before Magdala. The latter's army consists of 15,000 men.

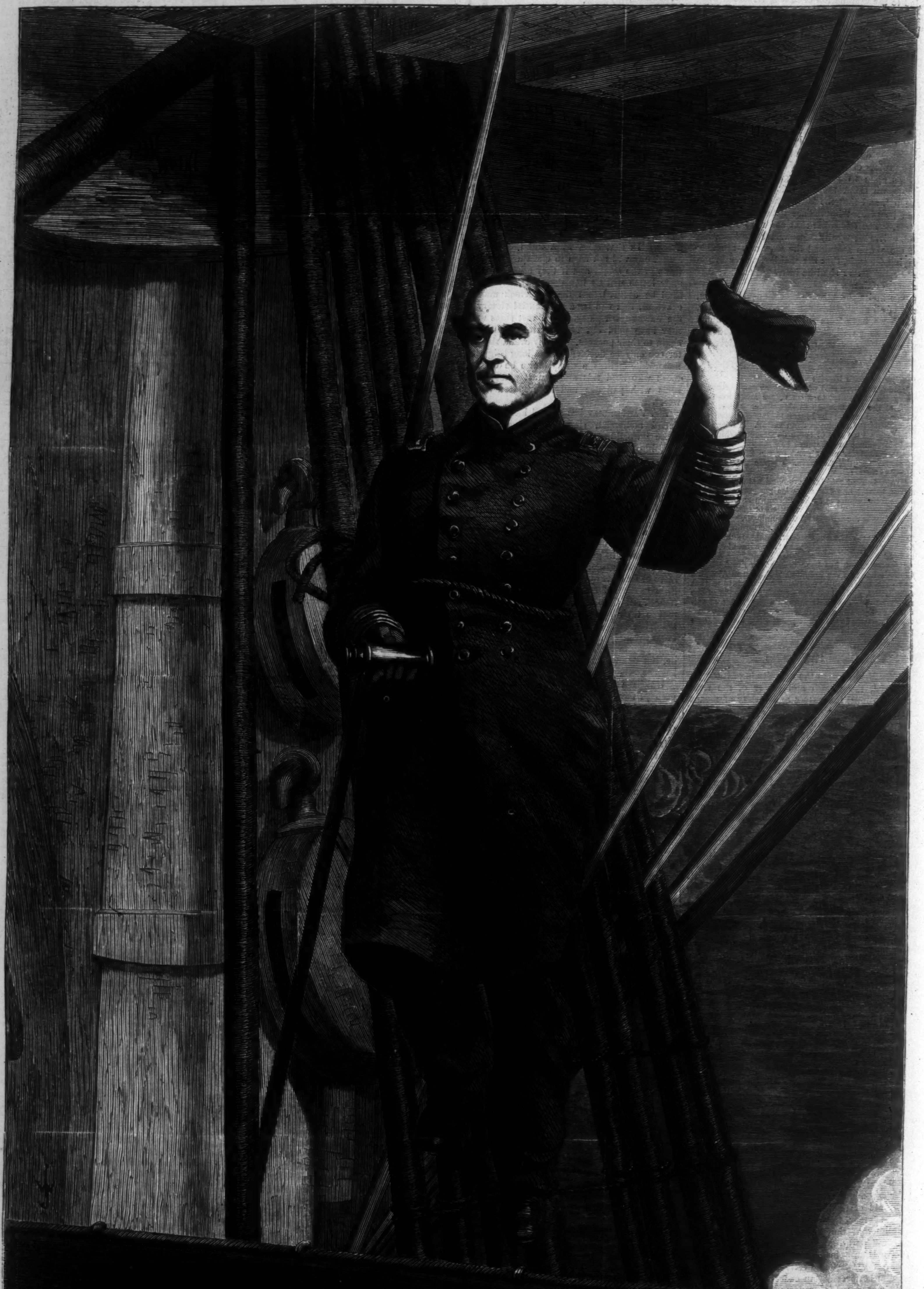
Nicaragua has ratified the treaty with the United States. San Francisco capitalists have been granted the privilege of establishing a bank in the republic, with the exclusive privilege of issuing paper-money.

Advices from Crete report that another victory had been gained over the Turks, two hundred of them being killed. The Cretans have called upon the European sovereigns and the President for aid. The Pope and the King of Greece have already responded. A statistical list of outrages perpetrated by the Turks has been published by the provisional government, showing that 290 women have been outraged, and 604 persons massacred during the last six months of 1867.

"FARRAGUT IN THE FUTTOCK SHROUDS."

We give on the succeeding page an admirable engraving representing Admiral Farragut lashed to the futtock shrouds of his flag-ship during the great naval engagement in Mobile Bay on August 5, 1864. The circumstances of this memorable action do not require repetition; the incident is one of those which is now and will always be clearly remembered, being, as it was, one of the most striking as well as most daring feats of the late war.

The engraving is from the celebrated picture by William Page, which most of our metropolitan readers have doubtless seen. It is probably one of the most accurate paintings of the kind ever produced. Admiral Farragut aided the artist in his enterprise, giving him several sittings for the portrait and figure. Numerous studies of the *Hartford* were made, as well as of the scene of the engagement in Mobile Bay; and Mr. Page's fidelity and success in reproducing the scene on his canvas has been acknowledged by all the many officers and sailors who beheld it.



"ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IN THE FUTTOCK SHROUDS OF THE 'HARTFORD.'"—From the Picture by Mr. William Page.—[See Page 227.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Godfrey followed the announcement of his name—as Mr. Godfrey does every thing else—exactly at the right time. He was not so close on the servant's heels as to startle us. He was not so far behind as to cause us the double inconvenience of a pause and an open door. It is in the completeness of his daily life that the true Christian appears. This dear man was very complete.

"Go to Miss Verinder," said my aunt, addressing the servant, "and tell her Mr. Ablewhite is here."

We both inquired after his health. We both asked him together whether he felt like himself again, after his terrible adventure of the past week. With perfect tact he contrived to answer us at the same moment. Lady Verinder had his reply in words. I had his charming smile.

"What," he cried, with infinite tenderness, "have I done to deserve all this sympathy? My dear aunt! my dear Miss Clack! I have merely been mistaken for somebody else. I have only been blindfolded; I have only been strangled; I have only been thrown flat on my back, on a very thin carpet covering a particularly hard floor. Just think how much worse it might have been! I might have been murdered; I might have been robbed. What have I lost? Nothing but Nervous Force—which the law doesn't recognize as property; so that, strictly speaking, I have lost nothing at all. If I could have had my own way I would have kept my adventure to myself—I shrink from all this fuss and publicity. But Mr. Luker made *his* injuries public, and *my* injuries, as the necessary consequence, have been proclaimed in their turn. I have become the property of the newspapers until the gentle reader gets sick of the subject. I am very sick indeed of it myself. May the gentle reader soon be like me! And how is dear Rachel? Still enjoying the gayeties of London? So glad to hear it! Miss Clack, I need all your indulgence. I am sadly behindhand with my Committee Work and my dear Ladies. But I really do hope to look in at the Mothers'-Small-Clothes next week. Did you make cheering progress at Monday's Committee? Was the Board hopeful about future prospects? And are we nicely off for Trowsers?"

The heavenly gentleness of his smile made his apologies irresistible. The richness of his deep voice added its own indescribable charm to the interesting business question which he had just addressed to me. In truth, we were almost *too* nicely off for Trowsers; we were quite overwhelmed by them. I was just about to say so, when the door opened again, and an element of worldly disturbance entered the room in the person of Miss Verinder.

She approached dear Mr. Godfrey at a most unladylike rate of speed, with her hair shockingly untidy, and her face, what *I* should call, unbecomingly flushed.

"I am charmed to see you, Godfrey," she said, addressing him, I grieve to add, in the offhand manner of one young man talking to another. "I wish you had brought Mr. Luker with you. You and he (as long as our present excitement lasts) are the two most interesting men in all London. It's morbid to say this; it's unhealthy; it's all that a well-regulated mind like Miss Clack's most instinctively shudders at. Never mind that. Tell me the whole of the Northumberland Street story directly. I know the newspapers have left some of it out."

Even dear Mr. Godfrey partakes of the fallen nature which we all inherit from Adam—it is a very small share of our human legacy, but, alas! he has it. I confess it grieved me to see him take Rachel's hand in both of his own hands, and lay it softly on the left side of his waistcoat. It was a direct encouragement to her reckless way of talking, and her insolent reference to me.

"Dearest Rachel," he said, in the same voice which had thrilled me when he spoke of our prospects and our trowsers, "the newspapers have told you every thing—and they have told it much better than I can."

"Godfrey thinks we all make too much of the matter," my aunt remarked. "He has just been saying that he doesn't care to speak of it."

"Why?"

She put the question with a sudden flash in her eyes, and a sudden look up into Mr. Godfrey's face. On his side, he looked down at her with an indulgence so injudicious and so ill-deserved that I really felt called on to interfere.

"Rachel, darling!" I remonstrated, gently, "true greatness and true courage are ever modest."

"You are a very good fellow in your way, Godfrey," she said—not taking the smallest notice, observe, of me, and still speaking to her cousin as if she was one young man addressing another. "But I am quite sure you are not great; I don't believe you possess any extraordinary courage; and I am firmly persuaded—if you ever had any modesty—that your lady-worshipers relieved you of that virtue a good many years since. You have some private reason for not talking of your adventure in Northumberland Street; and I mean to know it."

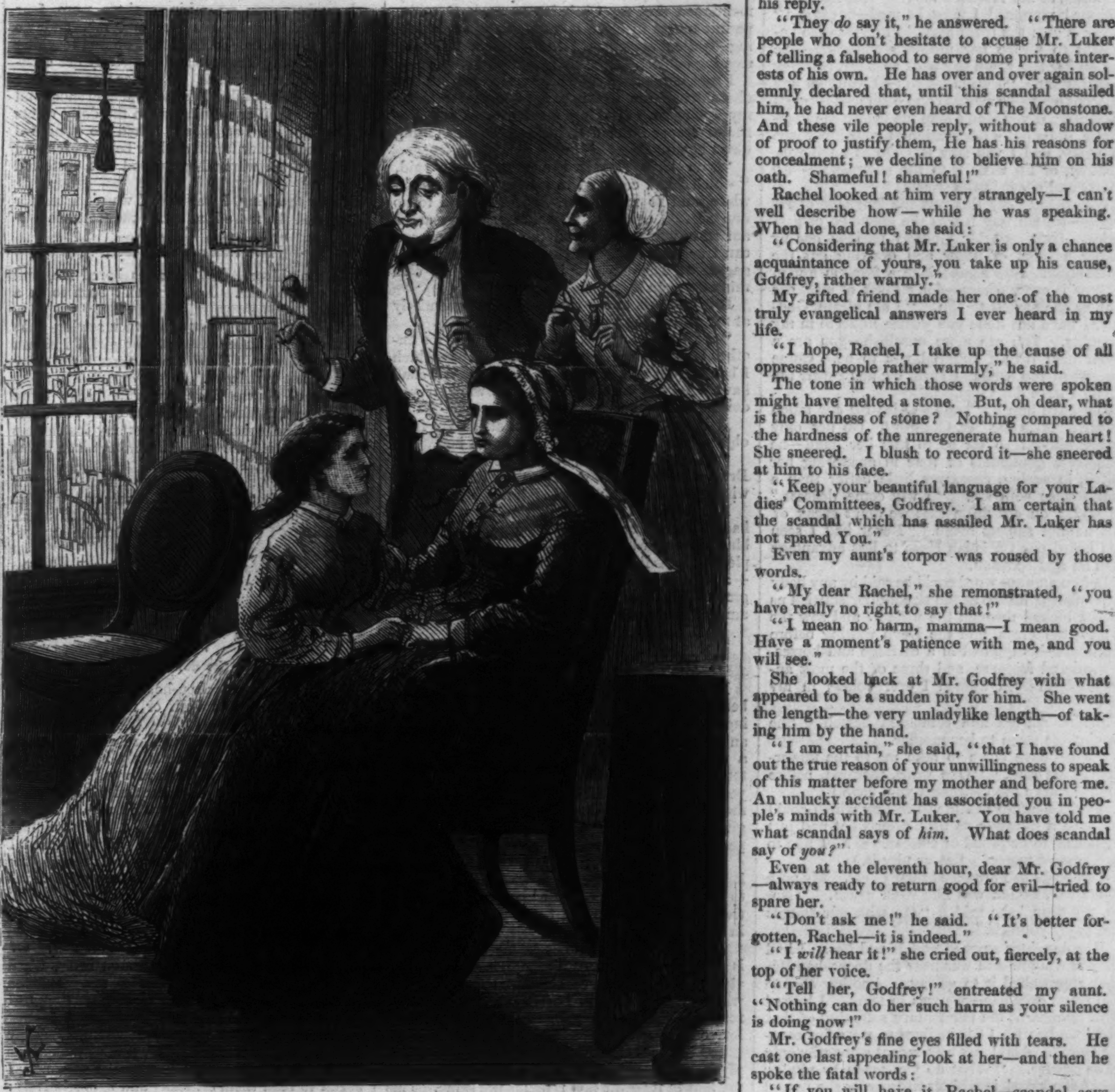
"My reason is the simplest imaginable and the most easily acknowledged," he answered, still bearing with her. "I am tired of the subject."

"You are tired of the subject? My dear Godfrey, I am going to make a remark."

"What is it?"

"You live a great deal too much in the society of women. And you have contracted two very bad habits in consequence. You have learned to talk nonsense seriously, and you have got into a way of telling fibs for the pleasure of telling them. You can't go straight with your lady-worshipers. I mean to make you go straight with *me*. Come, and sit down. I am brimful of downright questions; and I expect you to be brimful of downright answers."

She actually dragged him across the room to a chair by the window, where the light would fall on his face. I deeply feel being obliged to report such language and to describe such conduct. But, hemmed in as I am, between Mr. Franklin Blake's check on one side and my own sacred regard for truth on the other, what am I to do? I looked at my aunt. She sat unmoved; apparently in no way disposed to interfere. I had never noticed this kind of torpor in her before. It was, perhaps, the reaction after the trying time she had had in the country. Not a pleasant symptom to remark, be it what it might, at dear Lady Verinder's age, and with dear Lady Verinder's autumnal exuberance of figure.



"SHE STOPPED—RAN ACROSS THE ROOM—AND FELL ON HER KNEES AT HER MOTHER'S FEET."

In the mean time Rachel had settled herself at the window with our amiable and forbearing—our too forbearing—Mr. Godfrey. She began the string of questions with which she had threatened him, taking no more notice of her mother or of myself than if we had not been in the room.

"Have the police done any thing, Godfrey?"

"Nothing whatever."

"It is certain, I suppose, that the three men who laid the trap for you were the same three men who afterward laid the trap for Mr. Luker?"

"Humanly speaking, my dear Rachel, there can be no doubt of it."

"And not a trace of them has been discovered?"

"Not a trace."

"It is thought—is it not?—that these three men are the three Indians who came to our house in the country."

"Some people think so."

"Do you think so?"

"My dear Rachel, they blindfolded me before I could see their faces. I know nothing whatever of the matter. How can I offer any opinion on it?"

Even the angelic gentleness of Mr. Godfrey was, you see, beginning to give way at last under the persecution inflicted on him. Whether unbridled curiosity, or ungovernable dread, dictated Miss Verinder's questions I do not presume to inquire. I only report that, on Mr. Godfrey's attempting to rise, after giving her the answer just described, she actually took him by the two shoulders, and pushed him back into his chair.—Oh, don't say this was immodest! don't even hint that the recklessness of guilty terror could alone account for such conduct as I have described! We must not judge others. My Christian friends, indeed, indeed, indeed, we must not judge others!

She went on with her questions, unabashed. Earnest Biblical students will perhaps be reminded—as I was reminded—of the blinded children of the devil, who went on with their orgies, unabashed, in the time before the Flood.

"I want to know something about Mr. Luker, Godfrey."

"I am again unfortunate, Rachel. No man knows less of Mr. Luker than I do."

"You never saw him before you and he met accidentally at the bank?"

"Never."

"You have seen him since?"

"Yes. We have been examined together, as well as separately, to assist the police."

"Mr. Luker was robbed of a receipt which he had got from his banker's—was he not? What was the receipt for?"

"For a valuable gem which he had placed in the safe-keeping of the bank."

"That's what the newspapers say. It may be enough for the general reader; but it is not enough for me. The banker's receipt must have mentioned what the gem was?"

"The banker's receipt, Rachel—as I have heard it described—mentioned nothing of the kind. A valuable gem, belonging to Mr. Luker; deposited by Mr. Luker; sealed with Mr. Luker's seal; and only to be given up on Mr. Luker's personal application. That was the form, and that is all I know about it."

She waited a moment after he had said that. She looked at her mother and sighed. She looked back again at Mr. Godfrey, and went on.

"Some of our private affairs, at home," she said, "seem to have got into the newspapers?"

"I grieve to say, it is so."

"And some idle people, perfect strangers to us, are trying to trace a connection between what happened at our house in Yorkshire and what has happened since here in London?"

"The public curiosity, in certain quarters, is, I fear, taking that turn."

"The people who say that the three unknown men who ill-used you and Mr. Luker are the three Indians, also say that the valuable gem—?"

There she stopped. She had become gradually, within the last few moments, whiter and whiter in the face. The extraordinary blackness of her hair made this paleness, by contrast, so ghastly to look at that we all thought she would faint at that moment when she checked herself in the middle of her question. Dear Mr. Godfrey made a second attempt to leave his chair. My aunt entreated her to say no more. I followed my aunt with a modest medicinal peace-offering in the shape of a bottle of salts. We none of us produced the slightest effect on her. "Godfrey, stay where you are. Mamma, there is not the least reason to be alarmed about me. Clack, you're dying to hear the end of it—I won't faint, expressly to oblige *you*."

Those were the exact words she used—taken down in my diary the moment I got home. But oh, don't let us judge! My Christian friends, don't let us judge!

She turned once more to Mr. Godfrey. With an obstinacy dreadful to see she went back again to the place where she had checked herself, and completed her question in these words:

"I spoke to you a minute since about what people were saying in certain quarters. Tell me plainly, Godfrey, do they any of them say that Mr. Luker's valuable gem is—The Moonstone?"

As the name of the Indian Diamond passed her lips I saw a change come over my admirable friend. His complexion deepened. He lost the genial suavity of manner which is one of his greatest charms. A noble indignation inspired his reply.

"They *do* say it," he answered. "There are people who don't hesitate to accuse Mr. Luker of telling a falsehood to serve some private interests of his own. He has over and over again solemnly declared that, until this scandal assailed him, he had never even heard of The Moonstone. And these vile people reply, without a shadow of proof to justify them, He has his reasons for concealment; we decline to believe him on his oath. Shameful! shameful!"

Rachel looked at him very strangely—I can't well describe how—while he was speaking. When he had done, she said:

"Considering that Mr. Luker is only a chance acquaintance of yours, you take up his cause, Godfrey, rather warmly."

My gifted friend made her one of the most truly evangelical answers I ever heard in my life.

"I hope, Rachel, I take up the cause of all oppressed people rather warmly," he said.

The tone in which those words were spoken might have melted a stone. But, oh dear, what is the hardness of stone? Nothing compared to the hardness of the unregenerate human heart! She sneered. I blush to record it—she sneered at him to his face.

"Keep your beautiful language for your Ladies' Committees, Godfrey. I am certain that the scandal which has assailed Mr. Luker has not spared You."

Even my aunt's torpor was roused by those words.

"My dear Rachel," she remonstrated, "you have really no right to say that!"

"I mean no harm, mamma—I mean good. Have a moment's patience with me, and you will see."

She looked back at Mr. Godfrey with what appeared to be a sudden pity for him. She went the length—the very unladylike length—of taking him by the hand.

"I am certain," she said, "that I have found out the true reason of your unwillingness to speak of this matter before my mother and before me. An unlucky accident has associated you in people's minds with Mr. Luker. You have told me what scandal says of *him*. What does scandal say of *you?*"

Even at the eleventh hour, dear Mr. Godfrey—always ready to return good for evil—tried to spare her.

"Don't ask me!" he said. "It's better forgotten, Rachel—it is indeed."

"I *will* hear it!" she cried out, fiercely, at the top of her voice.

"Tell her, Godfrey!" entreated my aunt. "Nothing can do her such harm as your silence is doing now!"

Mr. Godfrey's fine eyes filled with tears. He cast one last appealing look at her—and then he spoke the fatal words:

"If you will have it, Rachel—scandal says that the Moonstone is in pledge to Mr. Luker, and that I am the man who has pawned it."

She started to her feet with a scream. She looked backward and forward from Mr. Godfrey to my aunt, and from my aunt to Mr. Godfrey, in such a frantic manner that I really thought she had gone mad.

"Don't speak to me! Don't touch me!" she exclaimed, shrinking back from all of us (I declare like some hunted animal!) into a corner of the room. "This is my fault! I must set it right. I have sacrificed myself—I had a right to do that if I liked. But to let an innocent man be ruined; to keep a secret which destroys his character for life—Oh, good God, it's too horrible! I can't bear it!"

My aunt half rose from her chair, then suddenly sat down again. She called to me faintly, and pointed to a little vial in her work-box.

"Quick!" she whispered. "Six drops, in water. Don't let Rachel see."

Under other circumstances I should have thought this strange. There was no time now to think—there was only time to give the medicine. Dear Mr. Godfrey unconsciously assisted me in concealing what I was about from Rachel by speaking composing words to her at the other end of the room.

"Indeed—indeed you exaggerate," I heard him say. "My reputation stands too high to be destroyed by a miserable passing scandal like this. It will be all forgotten in another week. Let us never speak of it again."

She was perfectly inaccessible even to such generosity as this. She went on from bad to worse.

"I must and will stop it," she said. "Mamma hear what I say. Miss Clack! hear what I say. I know the hand that took the Moonstone. I know"—she laid a strong emphasis on the words; she stamped her foot in the rage that possessed her—"*I know that Godfrey Ablewhite is innocent!* Take me to the magistrate, Godfrey! Take me to the magistrate, and I will swear it!"

My aunt caught me by the hand and whispered, "Stand between us for a minute or two. Don't let Rachel see me." I noticed a bluish tinge in her face which alarmed me. She saw I was startled. "The drops will put me right in a minute or two," she said, and so closed her eyes and waited a little.

While this was going on I heard dear Mr. Godfrey still gently remonstrating.

"You must not appear publicly in such a thing as this," he said. "*Your* reputation, dearest Rachel, is something too pure and too sacred to be trifled with."

"*My* reputation!" She burst out laughing. "Why, I am accused, Godfrey, as well as you. The best detective officer in England declares that I have stolen my own Diamond. Ask him what he thinks, and he will tell you that I have pledged the Moonstone to pay my private debts!" She stopped—ran across the room—and fell on her knees at her mother's feet. "Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma! I must be mad—mustn't I?—not to own the truth *now!*" She was too vehement to notice her mother's condition—she was on her feet again and back with Mr. Godfrey in an instant. "I won't let you—I won't let any innocent man—be accused and disgraced through my fault. If you won't take me before the magistrate, draw out a declaration of your innocence on paper, and I will sign it. Do as I tell you, Godfrey, or I'll write it to the newspapers—I'll go out and cry it in the streets!"

We will not say this was the language of remorse—we will say it was the language of hysterics. Indulgent Mr. Godfrey pacified her by taking a sheet of paper and drawing out the declaration. She signed it in a feverish hurry. "Show it every where—don't think of *me*," she said, as she gave it to him. "I am afraid, Godfrey, I have not done you justice hitherto in my thoughts. You are more unselfish—you are a better man than I believed you to be. Come here when you can, and I will try and repair the wrong I have done you."

She gave him her hand. Alas for our fallen nature! Alas for Mr. Godfrey! He not only forgot himself so far as to kiss her hand—he adopted a gentleness of tone in answering her which, in such a case, was little better than a compromise with sin. "I will come, dearest," he said, "on condition that we don't speak of this hateful subject again." Never had I seen and heard our Christian Hero to less advantage than on this occasion.

Before another word could be said by any body a thundering knock at the street-door startled us all. I looked through the window and saw the World, the Flesh, and the Devil waiting before the house—as typified in a carriage and horses, a powdered footman, and three of the most audaciously-dressed women I ever beheld in my life.

Rachel started and composed herself. She crossed the room to her mother.

"They have come to take me to the flower-show," she said. "One word, mamma, before I go. I have not distressed you, have I?"

(Is the bluntness of moral feeling which could ask such a question as that, after what had just happened, to be pitied or condemned? I like to lean toward mercy. Let us pity it.)

The drops had produced their effect. My poor aunt's complexion was like itself again. "No, no, my dear," she said. "Go with our friends and enjoy yourself."

Her daughter stooped and kissed her. I had left the window and was near the door when Rachel approached it to go out. Another change had come over her—she was in tears. I looked with interest at the momentary softening of that obdurate heart. I felt inclined to say a few earnest words. Alas! my well-meant sympathy only gave offense. "What do you mean by pitying me?" she asked, in a bitter whisper, as she passed to the door. "Don't you see how happy I am? I'm going to the flower-show, Clack; and I've got the prettiest bonnet in London." She completed the hollow mockery of that address by blowing me a kiss—and so left the room.

I wish I could describe in words the compassion that I felt for this miserable and misguided girl. But I am almost as poorly provided with words as with money. Permit me to say—my heart bled for her.

Returning to my aunt's chair I observed dear Mr. Godfrey searching for something softly here and there in different parts of the room. Before I could offer to assist him he had found what he wanted. He came back to my aunt and me, with his declaration of innocence in one hand and with a box of matches in the other.

"Dear aunt, a little conspiracy!" he said. "Dear Miss Clack, a pious fraud which even your high moral rectitude will excuse! Will you leave Rachel to suppose that I accept the generous self-sacrifice which has signed this paper? And will you kindly bear witness that I destroy it in your presence before I leave the house?" He kindled a match, and lighting the paper laid it to burn in a plate on the table. "Any trifling inconvenience that I may suffer is as nothing," he remarked, "compared with the importance of preserving that pure name from the contaminating contact of the world. There! We have reduced it to a little harmless heap of ashes, and our dear impulsive Rachel will never know what we have done! How do you feel?—my precious friends, how do you feel? For my poor part, I am as light-hearted as a boy!"

He beamed on us with his beautiful smile; he held out a hand to my aunt and a hand to me. I was too deeply affected by his noble conduct to speak. I closed my eyes; I put his hand, in a kind of spiritual self-forgetfulness, to my lips. He murmured a soft remonstrance. Oh, the ecstasy, the pure, unearthly ecstasy of that moment! I sat—I hardly know on what—quite lost in my own exalted feelings. When I opened my eyes again it was like descending from heaven to earth. There was nobody but my aunt in the room. He had gone.

I should like to stop here—I should like to close my narrative with the record of Mr. Godfrey's noble conduct. Unhappily there is more, much more, which the unrelenting pecuniary pressure of Mr. Blake's check obliges me to tell. The painful disclosures which were to reveal themselves in my presence during that Tuesday's visit to Montagu Square were not at an end yet.

Finding myself alone with Lady Verinder I turned naturally to the subject of her health, touching delicately on the strange anxiety which she had shown to conceal her indisposition, and the remedy applied to it, from the observation of her daughter.

My aunt's reply greatly surprised me.

"Drusilla," she said (if I have not already mentioned that my Christian name is Drusilla, permit me to mention it now), "you are touching—quite innocently, I know—on a very distressing subject."

I rose immediately. Delicacy left me but one alternative—the alternative, after first making my apologies, of taking my leave. Lady Verinder stopped me and insisted on my sitting down again.

"You have surprised a secret," she said, "which I had confided to my sister, Mrs. Ablewhite, and to my lawyer, Mr. Bruff, and to no one else. I can trust in their discretion; and I am sure, when I tell you the circumstances, I can trust in yours. Have you any pressing engagement, Drusilla? or is your time your own this afternoon?"

It is needless to say that my time was entirely at my aunt's disposal.

"Keep me company, then," she said, "for another hour. I have something to tell you which I believe you will be sorry to hear. And I shall have a service to ask of you afterward, if you don't object to assist me."

It is again needless to say that, so far from objecting, I was all eagerness to assist her.

"You can wait here," she went on, "till Mr. Bruff comes at five. And you can be one of the witnesses, Drusilla, when I sign my Will."

Her Will! I thought of the drops which I had seen in her work-box. I thought of the bluish tinge which I had noticed in her complexion. A light which was not of this world—a light shining prophetically from an unmade grave—dawned solemnly on my mind. My aunt's secret was a secret no longer.

A SEARCH FOR A VOCATION.

I was dusting the parlor; and I don't remember that I ever dusted the parlor without bringing the furniture to grief in some way or other; and, indeed, if I have no other gift, I *do* possess a faculty, a genius, for destroying whatever I touch. I don't know that it has increased with years, though it should have been so, if practice makes perfect; I might better say that it was given to me already perfected, and has remained perfect ever since.

I was so well known to possess this power that it was like signing the death-warrant of crockery to let me put my foot in the kitchen; for, figuratively, as well as literally, I always "put my foot in it."

Now that is slang; but in my opinion slang is superior to elegance, because it is terse and vigorous, and always comes straight to the point; while, if you want to be smooth, you may go round Robin Hood's barn and have your labor for your pains.

Let it stand either way: I was always multiplying adverse situations; I was always putting my foot in it;—the fact remains the same. This morning I did my duty as usual, and overturned a pot of verbenas on the carpet.

"Well, Jane," said my mother's voice, in the next room; "what now?" She spoke resignedly, having anticipated some catastrophe.

My sister Sue put her head in the door and surveyed the ruins.

"She has only tipped over my verbenas, mamma," was her ironical remark. "I'm glad it's no worse. I'll have it brushed up in a minute."

She had the dusting-pan and brush in a miraculously short time, and was removing the traces of the disaster, while I stood and watched her, helplessly.

"I didn't dare to go off to school," she said, glancing up at me mischievously. "Bridget said you had the duster, and I knew there'd be something to pay. Do you know, Jane, I always want to run for a pail of water when I see you approach the stove; and I think whether I've seventy-five cents change when you go near a window?"

"Very good of you," said I, shortly.

"It's an affectionate desire I feel to save you from yourself, my dear. I'll do the dusting. Please finish giving baby his breakfast."

Long misfortune had made me meek, and I went without a word. I think I displayed quite as much heroism in my unhesitating obedience as did the Six Hundred riding into the valley of death; for I was sure of another blunder.

The baby appeared lamb-like and sleepy. The prospect was good. I did my best; but, dear me, how easily a child gets choked! and when a child is taken up to be slapped on the shoulders for its easement, who could calculate on its wanting to attach itself to the table-cloth and refusing to "leave go?"

This baby refused to let go, and dragged the cloth persistently, notwithstanding its strangled condition, until it had accomplished the downfall of its bread and milk, and the utter destruction of two or three glasses.

My mother and Sue both rushed to the rescue, and the first exclaimed, half indignantly, half wonderingly,

"I never did see a girl like you! Why can't you be more careful?"

"It's fate," laughed Sue. "Think if Jane had a family to look to, mamma! The children wouldn't die natural deaths. She'd be before the scarlet-fever and the measles."

"Well," said I, despairingly, delivering up the baby, "I don't know how it is. I wish there were no such things as housework and taking care of children!"

And I went off up stairs very much inclined to cry. If I hadn't been nineteen years old I would have cried. As it was, I proceeded to put my chamber in order, and then sat down in the window dolefully, and began to think about myself and wonder why I wasn't like other girls. I had always been a problem to myself; and I made up my mind to solve that problem. What was I fit for? and what under the sun was I going to do in the world?

I ought to do something; there were four young Spinneys besides Sue and me, and we weren't overrich. To be sure, Sue was teaching and supporting Tommie and herself by her earnings; still four were left. My place was evidently at home. I should have put on practical shoes and helped my mother administer to the daily wants of the family; but, alas! I had no practical shoes, and I never heard of their being purchased by those upon whom Nature had not bestowed them.

As for teaching, I was sure I wasn't fitted for that; and the mere idea of the monotonous

"Two times one are two,
Two times two are four,"

made me shiver. Mathematics bored me, and dates escaped me. No; I wasn't born to be a teacher.

Of course a Spinney couldn't turn sewing-girl; and I couldn't have been a sewing-girl if I hadn't been a Spinney. Needle and thread were my tyrants, not my slaves.

Well, of course there was something; there is always something. God gives every one some talent—some specialty—at least my instructors had always told me so. Therefore, since I was a human being, I had a talent.

About art? Artistes made fabulous sums sometimes; but it required labor and natural aptitude, and it was rather late for me to begin. I doubted if I could draw a straight line at present.

I was at a loss. I considered that I was like a ship without a pilot, drifting upon the ocean of life—a traveler without a guide, lost in the desert of life. I became pathetic, and thought that existence was

"An arid waste,
Unmoistened by the dews of sweet content;"

and that I was the broken-hearted Jane Spinney, of no more use to myself or the world than a broken spinning-jenny!

There! I was quite surprised at the fertility of my imagination. I certainly had imagination. Here was a comparison worthy of—worthy of any one who ever pretended to make comparisons. I remembered that I had had fancies—that I was apt to have fancies. It never had occurred to me before, but it did now; and I recollected that I had written some verses to the moon one evening, when I was in a state of inspiration.

"There must be a time when great minds recognize their own greatness." It all flashed upon me in a moment. I was a genius! Of course I couldn't perform common tasks, when uncommon ones were possible to me. Bah! a genius dusting furniture and feeding children! I must find those verses.

I found them after considerable search. They were written on scented paper, tied with sky-blue ribbon, and labeled "Lines to the Moon." I began to read them critically and appreciatively:

"O beauteous moon,
That sittest afar upon the purple sky."

I didn't know about the moon's sitting upon the sky; but I couldn't see how to remedy it, so I left her so and went on:

"Wrapped in thy silver robe of majesty,
Awaiting the night's noon."

Yes; that was good. The night's noon was striking, very.

"O beauteous moon,
That sittest with such a melancholy face,
Shrined in the yellow grandeur of thy grace,
And waitest, late and soon."

Ah, that was a nice touch, that "late and soon." Still it did seem unnecessary to have the moon sit and wait again in the second verse.

Well, I did not care about going on. It was apparent that I had the gift of verse; but this was a youthful effort. I could improve upon it.

Let's see: I had rhymed noon, soon, spoon, cocoon, croon, and tune with moon. Showed considerable versatility of expression. I had the moon watching the sea, that looked like a silver spoon. I had her weaving herself a cloud-cocoon, listening to my croon, and finally singing a tune with all the stars.

To think of it! I, Jane Spinney, a poetess! Why, I should give the name distinction, and the family would be proud of me. I was a duck among chickens, and I had found the water. I had found my vocation. I had only to go to work and astonish the world!

There was the L—— magazine. I could make a very nice début on its aristocratic pages; besides, we had it. Wouldn't it be fun to see folks reading my verses—under a *nom de plume*, of course?

A *nom de plume.* "Lina Lawton?" No; something original was better. "Blinkerton Bass?" That was rather coarse, and my initials wouldn't attract notice. After all, nothing could be better than that wonderful fancy of mine about the "Spinning Jenny." Capital. "Twenty Years Ago, by Spinning Jenny."

I was looking for my inkstand in order to commence at once, when my mother opened the door.

"Oh, Jane, haven't you your dress changed? Your aunt and the children are down stairs. Can't you go and amuse them?"

Here was injustice! Ask a poetess to amuse children! It was all of a piece. The world would never appreciate me if I didn't find time to make it.

I will not describe the fiery trials through which I passed before I had a chance to commence the poem which was to make me immortal. All that day I was a martyr—the slave of Alvina Matilda Jenks, Lucretia Ann Jenks, and Conrad Wallace Jenks. When I passed the hall-clock in the evening it seemed to tick mournfully and monotonously, "Di-em—per-di-di Di-em—per-di-di." The next morning, before Sue had her eyes fairly open, I was dressed and sitting at the window in a meditative and inspired state. I was quoting some "lines" which every one quotes who quotes at all—the usual fandango about the "rosy morning," when Sue rather brought me out of my glorified condition by audibly expressing the opinion that I was either crazy or fast becoming so.

"Is there going to be a hurricane?" inquired the young lady; "or are we going to have sausages for breakfast? Those are the only two things likely to start you before seven."

Quite innocently, I astonished the family at the breakfast-table. I was in the habit of wearing articles which the vain denominate "rats;" these were attached to a net for my greater convenience. This morning, in my lofty abstraction, I put on the net wrong side out, forgetful of the appendages, and passing around to take my seat at table thus equipped, brought my three younger brothers near strangulation, and caused my father to desire severely that I would go up stairs and finish dressing.

I was evidently in that furnace of affliction through which all great minds pass. I felt that I had no sympathy with the beings around me. As soon as possible I withdrew to my chamber, and sat down by the window, from which I had a cheerful view of grocery carts and coal wagons.

Well, now I was to commence. I had the name, "Spinning Jenny," and that was all I had. A blank sheet of paper doesn't suggest any thing. I wanted, now, a title—a post, whereupon to hinge my ideas. Say, "Lines to a Dead Child." I didn't want lines to any thing. Say, "A Leap-Year Carol." Comic poetry wasn't my forte. Say, "A Farewell." No; too sentimental. What under the sun should I write?

I concluded to take a subject, something of the vast and solemn order, and dash right into it: "Life."

Life. Life was of course a vale of tears. Years rhymed with tears, so it was a length of years.

"Life is a weary vale of tears,
A dreary, dusky length of years,
Where not a ray of light appears."

Then I got life out again gradually. Mark, Dark, Spark.

"But pilgrims o'er its paths may mark
How lights of Faith transform the dark,
And Hope illumes it with her spark."

I was puzzling over the next verse when the dinner-bell rung, and I had to take measures to sustain life; but in the course of the afternoon I got through four verses more of the same stamp, and arrived at my grand finis:

"Forests of crosses block the way;
All round the lowering sky is gray
And dim and dark, look where we may.
But still, as farther we advance,
And unknown beauties meet our glance,
Trusting, we deem that good may chance."

I was exhausted. I was unused to severe mental labor; still the supreme satisfaction which the reperusal of these lines gave me repaid me for all; and when I had it in an envelope, ready to dispatch, I felt that I had laid the foundation for greatness.

The glory of having written that poem lasted me a week. I considered that I could now sit down and wait for events.

A fortnight went by. I began to be doubtful. Three weeks; and I found little encouragement in the remembrance that the "American people are slow to appreciate genius; and Mr. Bryant, their first poet, is obliged to edit a newspaper for support." wasn't Mr. Bryant.

One evening Sue came dashing in from school and tossed a letter on my lap, saying, merrily:

"Are you an aspiring young woman, Janet? That looks suspicious."

I had been sitting idly in the window, in the most romantic and melancholy style possible. Sue ruined my attitude; for, without waiting to answer, I raced out of the room undignifiedly and broke open the envelope with trembling fingers.

Alas! I drew out my own lines; then a printed "form" of refusal:

"We hereby return to Miss Spinney the poem 'Life,' and regret that it will not suit our columns."

Not suit their columns? What were their columns, that it didn't suit? What mental blindness was this, that let such a poem go unwelcomed!

This was a downfall, and an interval of blankness followed. I began to appreciate my own description of life, considering that it was truly a vale of tears.

I was tempted to despair; but that immortal sentence which has long comforted struggling humanity came to my aid: "Rome was not built in a day;" therefore Jane Spinney couldn't electrify the world in a day. I wasn't grandiloquent as I had been before, but I determined grimly that a master-piece should appear which should be the work of Jane Spinney.

I took time for it; I mean I was going to take time for it; but my time was taken away from me. Louisa Grant, a friend of Sue's, came to visit us, and I was forced to remain in common-places.

The one advantage of my situation was that I had my chamber to myself. Sue and Louisa occupied another apartment; so I could write after eleven o'clock at night, if I could possibly keep up enthusiasm so long.

I thought I would come down to the level of other people's minds. "Life" had been a great deal too deep. I would write a ballad—a ballad that should be entitled "The Lady's Despair."

I will not inflict the particulars upon the reader. Suffice it to say I went to work and burned midnight oil for six consecutive nights, thus attracting numberless comments from the family.

I must say that it was hard work. The necessity of rhyming interfered with conclusions dreadfully. Nothing but my faith in the result carried me through; but on the sixth night I did get through.

The family had grown tired of euchre that evening, for a wonder, and had inclined toward slumber generally at ten o'clock. I had bade Sue and Louisa good-night in the passage, and had sought my own apartment, invigorated by the thought that I had only one verse more to write; however, that verse occupied me till after eleven.

By the time I had looked over the whole thirteen verses it was half past eleven. I didn't hear the girls' voices any longer; I supposed they had gone to sleep. I was solitary—alone with my grand thoughts. I thought, myself, it would be very nice to "sit, on winter nights, by a solitary fire, and hear the nations praising me, far off." I didn't doubt I should have that experience.

I thought I would read the poem over; read it aloud, to get a better idea of it. I tilted myself back in my chair comfortably and began:

"THE LADY'S DESPAIR.

"A lady with a weary face
Sat at a turret window high,
And watched the sky."

Good; gave you the idea of patience.

"A lady fair, with lofty grace,
She sat and wept full drearily,
And none were nigh."

I thought I heard a sound. I listened; but it was not repeated. I had been mistaken.

"A knight went riding far below,
Looked up and waved a sad farewell,
Careless of what befell."

There was a queer noise again; perhaps rats in the wall.

"He rode upon a steed of snow,
And in that fair and pleasant dell
Had loved the lady well."

Certainly no sympathetic person could read this without tears.

"Three strokes rang from the tower bell;
She forward leaned, and looked to see
Him passing slow and silently.
Both were so sad 'twas hard to tell
Which was the saddest of them, he
Or—"

A perfect scream of laughter rang in my astonished ears. It proceeded from the hall. I darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning, and flung it open wrathfully.

There was Sue doubled up on the hall floor, in convulsions of laughter, and Louisa holding by the stair railing, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Or she," gasped Sue, going off again as she caught a glimpse of my indignant countenance. "Oh, Jane, Jane, you'll kill me!"

I was near wishing I could; but my utter stupefaction prevented the expression of the wish, and it seemed quite impossible for either Sue or Louisa to stop laughing long enough to say another word.

"I really think, Jane," gasped Sue again, making a great effort to speak, "that this will suit our columns. Don't you, Louisa?"

"Its pathos!" Louisa managed to articulate.

"And its beautiful flow. Have her die, Jane, do. Have her leap down into the dell; it's fair and pleasant."

"But get the knight out of the way first," suggested Louisa, wiping her eyes. "The fall might crush him."

And they both relapsed again.

"If you think this is honorable," I began, regaining my voice finally, "I must say I differ with you."

"We aren't exalted," said Sue, "not at all. We're in a state of abasement, Louisa and I. But a cat may look at a king, you know, or we may listen to a poetess."

I shut the door in their faces angrily, and locked it. Sue shouted her "regrets that she didn't hear the whole of it" through the key-hole; but, as I made no answer, they both departed and went to rest.

I flung the poem into the fire; and then all my dignity didn't save me from crying. That most woeful of troubles had come upon me, viz.: my faith in myself had been shaken. I was afraid the ship hadn't any pilot, the traveler hadn't any guide, and I hadn't any vocation.

Not a moment did I sleep that night; and in the morning my eyes were so red I would not go down, but locked myself in my chamber, reflecting pleasantly that Sue was probably amusing the breakfasters with an account of the "Lady's Despair." I was very unhappy, and had an idea of making a hermitess of myself in future.

By-and-by there came a tap at the door, and my mother's voice, asking to come in.

"Jane," she said, "I have brought you your breakfast, and some advice. What a faculty you have for making yourself miserable!"

"*I* make myself miserable!"

"I know it was unpardonable in Sue to annoy you so; but you should be above such things."

"Above such things!"

"What ever put it into your head," continued my mother, "to think you could write verses?"

"You think a girl should do nothing but wash dishes and iron shirts!" said I, indignantly. "I feel myself fit for something higher."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Jane, but—"

"And I want some work especially mine."

"Did you always feel fitted for something higher?"

I was obliged to confess that the attack had come on suddenly.

"But I want an object to work for."

"Then," said my mother, "make binding shoes the object, rather than writing verses; for you are sure you could do the first well. Cultivate any talent you have, Jane, only be sure you have it."

"Binding shoes can't be a vocation for me."

"A vocation? Why do you want a vocation? Why should you have a vocation more than the girls around you? Duty is a vocation, Jane."

"I can't do common things."

"Then pray don't consider that a proof that you can do uncommon ones. I think, if I were you, I would make common-sense a specialty."

And so I lost the only glimpse of a vocation I ever was favored with; for I hadn't the obstinacy to persist in the face of every thing. I abandoned my stand-point with as good grace as I could, lost the hope of distinction, and fell back into stocking-darning and obscurity, where I have remained ever since. Long study has made me mistress of the a-b-c of life, and I am at present a peaceful old maid, whose chief use is to look after Sue's children, and whose principal occupation is gossiping and tea-drinking.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A TEAR.

The principal element, the prime ingredient, so to say, of a tear is water; this water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called *mucus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hand of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours: "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries the water evaporates and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish-bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eye-ball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along and under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night (although less abundantly during sleep) they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular spreading of the tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus, all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this, he has only to notice, unpoetical as the fact may be, that a person after crying much is always obliged to make a twofold use of his or her pocket-handkerchief.

The utility of tears to animals in general, and in particular to those who are exposed much to the dust, such as birds who live amidst the winds, is easy to understand; for the eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up, like an uncleaned window-pane, had not nature provided this friendly ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean; but here again we must admire the wonderful mechanism which works the human body, for it is to be observed that when, through some accident or hurt, the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears. Thus, for instance, when a grain of dust, or an insect creeps into the eye, the eyelids at once fill and run over with tears, and these not only alleviate the pain, but also, when the object is small enough, carry it away down the two small conduits already noticed. The same thing occurs when either smoke, too vivid light, or too intense cold obscures the sight—tears at once come to our relief, and protect the eye from harm.

With regard to other than physical tears the explanation to be given of them is a very material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Among men, it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and people of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatico-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrung, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense. Conversely, it is prudent to keep one's coolness before strongly excitable or highly imaginative people who weep; their tears are often genuine, but, as a rule, they cost them but little effort, and in nine cases out of ten are forgotten as soon as shed. Actors of great talent call up tears at will by working themselves into a wild state of excitement. Mademoiselle Rachel, for instance, than whom no colder, more unloving woman ever trod the stage, used, when she put forth all her efforts, to weep so passionately that she would set fifteen hundred spectators crying with her.

OLD AGE.

With lessening strain and fainter breath—
Life slowly easing into death—
When on tired eyes and heavy head
The weight of sleep begins to fall
Before the couch is spread,
Full ready to lie down, and glad
When comes the messenger we call
Azrael—is it sad?

No more the rugged ways of youth;
The feet grow tired, the way grows smooth,
The valley lieth green below;
The heart is grown in love with peace,
The sharpness gone from woe;
Time with the old deals tenderly,
Making the joy of living cease,
That death-pain may not be.

What is it that we name delight?
Youth, with tortures exquisite
Called joys?—a double-edged sword—
A sword whose blunter side is grief?
Youth, heart-moved by a word?
Its broken sunshine ripple-swayed;
Of loveliest things—of cloud and leaf—
Its flitting shadows made?

Youth, with dreams that ne'er came true,
Its great impossibles to do,
Its little possibles undone,
Its blossoms falling fruitlessly;
Its faithless April sun?
Ah, overfull and restless heart!
Time soothes: ere quietness can be
Must losses do their part?

That sap should fail, and leaves should drop,
And half the living pulses stop
Ere the tree fall, is sad, you say?
Nay now, one learns to be content
With slower living; day
So sweetly, softly going down,
That none can say "The light is spent"
Till night puts on her crown.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is always more or less complaint among our citizens in regard to deficiency of Croton water at certain times, and in certain sections of the city. While there are some isolated points, where, by reason of the high ground, the upper stories of a building are above the reach of water from the reservoir, yet in general, the insufficient supply is due to a waste of water in private houses. At least, this is officially stated as a serious fact, worthy of individual and public consideration. It would certainly seem that upward of 62,000,000 gallons was an ample daily supply for our city. But out of this abundance it is asserted that wasteful habits have grown, and that in private houses, where no control is exercised, "waste is measured only by the capacity of the faucet, which runs day and night." We enjoy no greater luxury than our liberal supply of good water. It is reasonable that every housekeeper should take a special interest in a matter so important to the good of the whole community. Let there be no needless waste in our dwellings; let it not be made necessary to put—as has been suggested—a water-meter upon every house.

At a recent meeting held in Boston to discuss the advantages and methods of propagating fish in the New England States, Professor Agassiz made an interesting address upon the subject. He predicted that the time would come when every man who has water on his ground will raise fish for his own table as he now raises fruit. The increase in the production of fish he considered important in a sanitary point of view, as an article of diet, and he remarked that "fish, to a large extent, contain phosphorus, a chemical element which the brain requires for health and strength. There is no other article of food which supplies the waste of the brain so thoroughly as fish, and the evidence of this is in the fact that the inhabitants of sea-shores, the world over, are the brightest population of the whole country." However much the dwellers in interior sections may dissent from this general view, all will agree that "variety is the spice of life," and that the more good things there are in our country the better.

A Bostonian—or some one who gives evidence of living in the vicinity of the "Hub"—claims the authorship of a popular poem about which there has been much discussion, and to prove his right gives to the public the following hitherto unpublished stanza:

Mother, dear mother, oh! give me some squills,
I have grown weary of duns and of bills;
Weary of working ten hours a day,
Weary of working for very small pay,
Weary of trying to see my way clear,
Tired of cocktails and tired of beer,
Tired of dining with Parker and Mills,
Give me some squills, mother, give me some squills.

This will probably finish the controversy.

Something less than half a century ago a belief was entertained in certain sections of England that the union between man and wife might be sundered in almost any manner; and when a couple became tired of living together, a barbarous custom prevailed of selling the wife at auction. So occasionally, on some crowded market-day, a brutish-looking man might be seen holding in his hand one end of a rope halter, the other end being around the neck of his better half. A gaping crowd would follow, and the fellow, after stating the case—the woman consenting—would proceed to offer her to the highest bidder. Women did not usually bring much under such circumstances; yet, if report is true, within a few weeks a miserable creature in Buffalo has publicly offered his wife as a prize to be raffled for. Printed tickets were issued, headed, "Raffle for the wife of Thomas Doyle," the time and place being given. As an additional inducement to those desirous of securing the lady, it was stated also: "This woman is a good housekeeper, and is willing to stay with any one who may draw her. Tickets, 25 cents." In this instance the "fair prize" is said to have consented to the arrangement. Whether the city authorities have consented has not yet transpired.

Amusing scene at a railroad dépôt. Old gentleman buys a ticket; puts his wallet between his teeth, and counts his change; turns around with a startled look, searches carefully every where, stops to make nervous investigations of his pockets, shakes his head, and resumes his search; comes finally to the ticket-window again, and says, "Have you seen?" and the wallet falls from his lips to the counter. "There 'tis now! Had it in my mouth all the time." Old gentleman smiles—crowd laugh—the curtain falls.

It does not take much to make a sensation among grown-up folks. The eccentric gentleman who, walking down Broadway one day, suddenly stopped and stared fixedly up into the sky, gathered a wondering crowd about him in a very short time, which he more quickly scattered by coolly replying, to the eager question, "What do you see?" "*Nothing.*" A while ago a vendor of the bright red air-balloons, in which children so delight, suddenly lost his hold upon the string which confined his treasures to the earth, and the whole bevy of balloons floated heavenward. But while the unfortunate salesman gazed in dismay upon his vanishing collection, the great crowd in Broadway stopped in amazement at the curious sight of twenty bright bubbles sailing in the sky. If one wants to create a similar sensation among little folks, it is easily done by carrying one red balloon through a street where there are plenty of children—and if a public-school has just been dismissed so much the better. A gentleman, carrying home this conspicuous toy the other day, really ran quite a gauntlet, something as follows:

Three small Boys (*running from the other side of the street*). "Hi, hi, hi! see that bully balloon!"

Ragged Girl (*ironically*). "Mister, give me that 'are soap-bubble."

Little Dutch Baby (*tottling to his mother's door*). "Marm, come an' see this!"

Middling-sized Boy (*hitting at it with a stick*). "Bu'st it! Bu'st it!"

Little Girl. "See there—he's got that for his little girl!"

And so on, with "*Ohs!*" and "*Ahs!*" innumerable, so that the owner of the balloon reached his own door, at length, amidst a shower of expletives.

A school-teacher in Kansas, not being able—probably—to find words to express his gratitude to the clergyman who married him, presented him with a Webster's unabridged. Not a bad idea!

An irresponsible newspaper states that certain young ladies in the "Maine Law States" still continue to kiss the lips of young temperance men to see if they have been tampering with liquor. It requests its readers to imagine a beautiful young girl approaching the young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge: "Mr. ——, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules—are you willing?" An acquiescent nod is given, and she gently steps up close to the supposed culprit, *etc., etc., etc.*

What a life they must lead in Cincinnati, when a resident is compelled to express his feelings thus: "Talk about filters! Just eat a quart of Ohio River-water and stand in the sun for five minutes, and you will find the aforesaid coming out at every pore, beautifully filtered, while your stomach becomes converted into a sand-bag, and you can hear the gravel rattle as you walk."

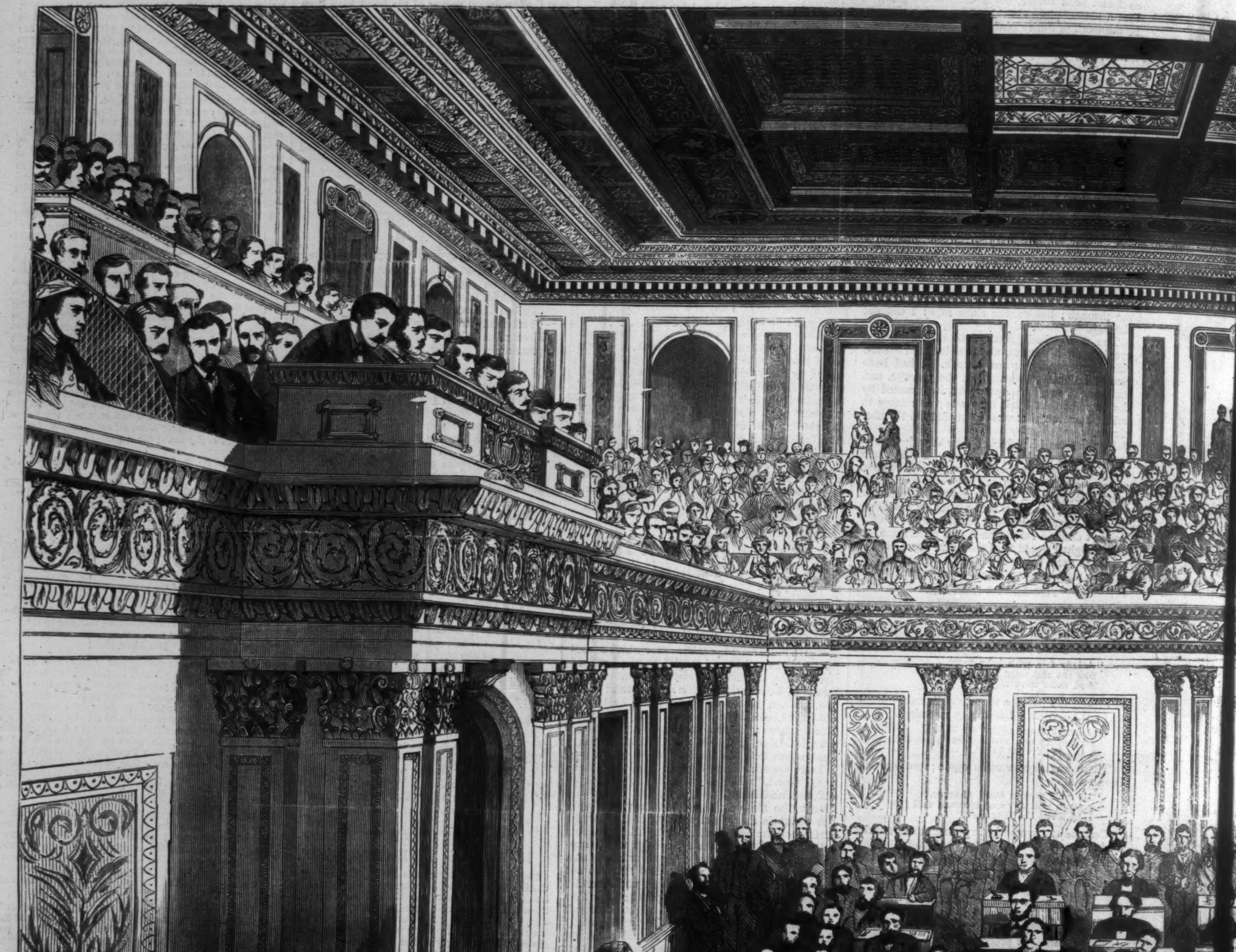
It is not necessary to go to Chicago to get divorced. A boy and girl in Rhode Island who were married the other day, were, at the demand of the offended parents, separated by tearing up the marriage certificate in their presence by the minister who tied the knot.

A story, after the style of the Arabian Nights, comes from Iowa, and it is said that there are the most perfect proofs to sustain it; the proofs, however, are not forthcoming. But here is the story: A certain "Mr. Brown has a four-year-old colt, which he has heretofore prized very highly." (We should suppose he would prize it *more* highly now.) "In color he is naturally a bright bay. Mr. Brown says that he went to his stable two weeks ago Sunday morning, and there stood a pure white horse." (Why not? Who says Mr. B. has not a stable full of horses?) "He was much astonished when, on examination, he found that the horse was undoubtedly his own colt." (Undoubtedly, it was "just so.") "Mr. Brown proceeded to the house to inform his wife and children, when they all returned to the stable, and there stood a *coal-black* horse, to the astonishment of the family." (Sudden, very.) "Since that time the colt has changed from black to bay, white, and sorrel." And here endeth the story. Any body can see that the colt is unsettled on the subject of reconstruction.

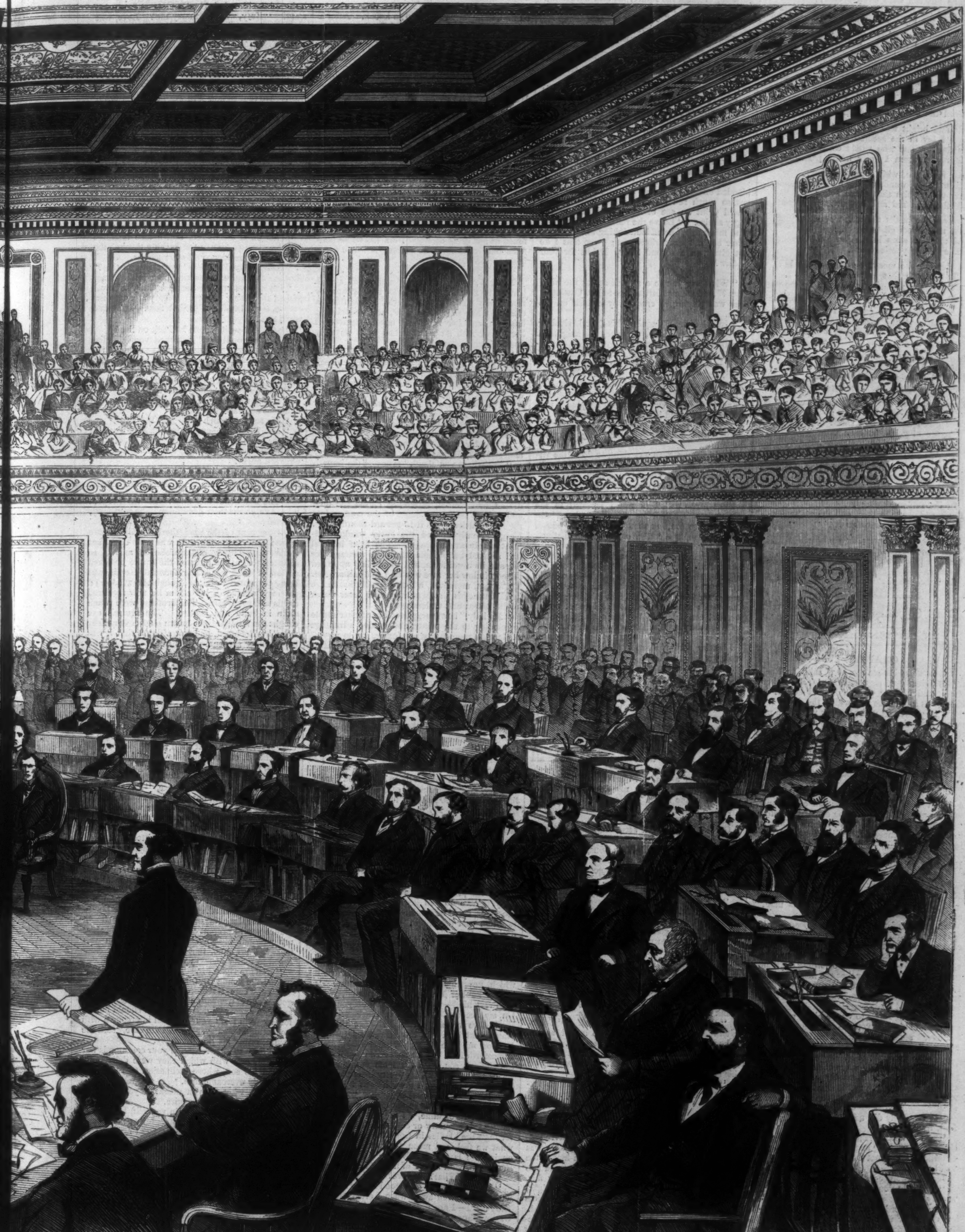
"*Boiled clocks*" gives the impression of a very novel and somewhat unpalatable dish, although we see it recommended in the *Scientific American*. A writer in that journal says that common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. Rough as this treatment may appear, it works well, whenever they stop from an accumulation of dust or thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure rain-water, and dried on a warm stove or near the fire. The writer speaks of an eight-day clock which was boiled a year ago, and has behaved perfectly well ever since.

A story is told of a favorite janitor in a neighboring city who was accustomed to have certain matters in charge at various public entertainments. A short time since during a lecture a lady fainted. He was always ready for an emergency of this kind, and had all the necessary restoratives close at hand for use. She was borne into an ante-room, and our friend rushed for his bottle of camphor, and proceeded to rub her face and forehead, applying it to her nose for her to smell of. After a while she revived, and he then became conscious that there was something wrong about the camphor. He smelt of it, and found that all of its virtue had evaporated; he applied his tongue to it, and found, to his dismay, that he had been bathing his patient liberally with mucilage! She was so stuck up by the attention that she had to be sent home in a carriage.

According to report a law has been adopted in the Constitution of Florida which is intended to insure a better class of citizens to the State. It provides that no persons born after the year 1880 shall marry unless they know how to "read, write, and cipher." How far must they "cipher?" To Fractions, or through Cube Root?



THE SENATE AS A COURT OF IMPEACHMENT FOR THE TRIAL



NDREW JOHNSON.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

TWO APRILS.

White as snow were the dog-wood blooms,
The heavens were sweetly blue;
And the air was laden with faint perfumes
From the myriad flowers that grew.

The south wind stirred in the meadow-grass,
And ruffled the lark's brown wing;
And the creamy buds of the sassafras,
Awoke with the breath of Spring.

The linnet broke with his joyous lay
The winter's lengthened hush;
The wide woods rang with the voice of the jay
And the song of the speckled thrush.

Fair and bright was that April day
As I lay in the scented grass,
Waiting for one who would come that way,
For one whom I knew would pass.

Near me there, with a musical flow,
The rivulet wandered down
Over the pebbles that shone below
Yellow and red and brown.

All over the banks the azure eyes
Of the violets glistened blue;
And thick as stars in the jeweled skies
The purple pansies grew.

On through the meadow and over the hill,
By the path that led that way,
On through the meadow and down by the mill,
On that balmy April day,

Came she for whose coming I waited there
In the fragrant meadow-grass—
Lay and waited that morning where
I knew she so soon would pass.

Sweet as a bird's, as she wound along,
Were the bright little maiden's tones,
As, gayly singing a blithesome song,
She crossed on the stepping-stones.

Twin little feet, how dainty their tread;
Bright eyes glancing down;
Dark green satchel, and shawl of red,
Tresses of gold and brown.

Years have gathered the seeds they cast,
And fled like a round of dreams;
Yet that April day far back in the past,
How wondrously near it seems!

Again, as of old, now the south wind blows,
In the self-same spot I lie,
Where the pansy blooms, and the violet grows,
And the rivulet wanders by.

Oh, bright, fresh flowers, do you bloom less fair?
Oh, wind, is your breath more chill
For the sweet young eyes, and the brown gold
hair,
And the lips that are hushed and still?

THE SQUIRE'S TEMPER-TRAP.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

"You wished to see me, Sir," said Mr. Rochford Hurbandine, sauntering into his father's study, and flipping off the lighted end of his cheroot as soon as he was within the door.

"I beg, Sir, you will not deny yourself a moment's sensual gratification on *my* account," said the squire, politely. "Permit me to offer you a light."

"Thanks. I've done for the present," replied Mr. Rochford. "Castleton and I are going for a trot in the village, and, not to be vulgar, go in for the universal cla-ay."

"If Mr. Castleton and yourself would infuse a little variety into your afternoon excursions," said the squire, with the same suavity as before, "it would, I think, afford increased gratification to all parties concerned. With beautiful rides in all directions—"

"We prefer the life of the village," said Mr. Rochford, calmly.

"The livers, Sir, are surely beneath the notice of gentlemen of such lofty fashion," remarked Mr. Hurbandine, with some asperity.

"'The proper study of mankind is man,'" said his son.

"And, therefore, not exclusively *woman*, Sir," retorted the squire. "If your visits had reference to our general improvement—the advancement of cottage architecture, the progress of my village schools—I should have nothing but thanks to offer. As it is, I fear that the introduction of the Mayfair element into Llbwyddcoed will resemble that chemical combination which results in a report and a conflagration."

"The young ladies to whose birth, parentage, and general training you are so philanthropically interested seemed gratified with our respectful homage."

"I have no doubt of it," returned his father. "They don't see such a brace of finished puppies every day. Did it strike you, however, that their tolerance of your 'homage,' as you call it, might have been partly owing to their respect for *me?*"

"It assuredly did not, Sir," said Mr. Rochford, frankly.

"You now comprehend my wishes, Sir," said the squire, growing angry. "Your proceedings elsewhere I can not control. Here, at least, I will be master."

Mr. Rochford coughed.

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked his father, sternly.

Mr. Rochford opened his great blue languid eyes to their utmost extent, and looked at his father for a moment, as if striving to comprehend him past any mistake. Then he burst into a low well-bred laugh. "I mean, my dear father, that we could not, in any case, espouse the entire village; nor have I, believe me, the slightest intention of presenting another Sukey Bubbs for your paternal benediction."

"No, Sir, I suspect you of no such sensible purpose," replied the squire, his face darkening. "But may I ask how the Lady Susan Vavasour has merited this polite tribute to her memory?"

"Simply by being born Bubbs," said Mr. Rochford. "A family misfortune, Sir—no more."

"You forget, perhaps, that your great-grandfather was a small farmer?" said Mr. Hurbandine.

"*One* of them was," replied his son. "His maternal colleague was a peer. Speed the plow, Sir, as much as you please, but don't run it over my mother's ancestors."

The incautious words had barely left his lips when the squire, his eyes blazing with rage, sprang from his chair and confronted him so closely that for an instant the young man apprehended violence.

"Insult me to my face, you puppy! you cold-blooded offshoot of a race of effete boobies, with not so much red blood in their whole line as would paint an ace of hearts!" thundered the angry squire. "Leave the room, Sir! Begone! And mark this," he added, sinking his voice to a lower but not less furious tone; "see that I do not give you a second Sukey Bubbs for your *mother!*"

"What say you to a stretch across the hills, Tom?" said young Hurbandine to Mr. Castleton, who was playing at croquet by himself on the lawn.

"In a balloon?" inquired his friend, shading his eyes, and pretending to survey the heights in question with great alarm.

"They have been pronounced accessible," said Rochford. "At least, my aunt, Lady Clamborough, scaled one of the loftier peaks last year in her Bath chair, attended only by her fat lap-dog and one devoted page, and actually returned to dinner! But she was a remarkably plucky person at eighty; and if you really think—"

"Say no more. I share the peril and the glory," said Mr. Castleton, flinging away his mallet.

"Still, if you have any thing to do in the village—"

"But I haven't. On my *word*, now, I haven't," said the Honorable Tom, promptly. "To-day I'm in a mountain mood. Away!"

That Mr. Castleton's mood inclined to the mountain rather than the plain might have been partly due to the fact that he had in his pocket at that moment a letter, conveying in distinct, not to say emphatic, terms an invitation to a fistic encounter with a gentleman named Cornelius Podgerbot, whose feelings had been enraged by his—the Honorable Tom's—bearing in reference to one "Ally Davis of the mill." For, though far from being deficient in courage, Mr. Castleton's soul revolted at the idea of actual personal conflict, and the prospect of a possible defeat at the hands of the burly clown was intolerable.

Lighting their pipes at the lodge, and sending back word from thence that they might not return to dinner, the two gentlemen accordingly set forth.

It was late when they returned, for the ascent *had* proved practicable, and there was even a very comfortable inn—the Welsh Harp—at the top, at which the enterprising travelers obtained a dinner that would not have discredited Francatelli, accompanied by an appetite that not even *he* could provide. It was still daylight, however, when, on nearing the lodge, they met Gerald Hurbandine striding hastily along.

"Anxious about us?" asked Mr. Castleton, with feeling. "Really, my dear Hurbandine, this is too—too much." (He wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat.) "'Touching anecdote of an elder brother!'"

Gerald laughed, but seemed disposed to continue his way.

"I shall be back in half an hour," said he.

His brother took him aside.

"Is all right? Where's the governor?"

"About the grounds, I think. *Why?*" asked Gerald.

"Sweet?"

"As sugar. Again, why?"

"He does not suspect *you.* Gerald, I know where you are going. Take my advice," said the young man, earnestly—"don't."

"I must and will," replied Gerald, his forehead flushing. "She is alone to-night—alone at the farm. I have not had such a chance these six months."

"Rude to whisper in company," said Mr. Castleton. "I think I shall leave you. I also think I felt a drop alight on my nose."

"It *does* rain," said Rochford. "Come, Gerald. Well, if you *will,*" he added, as the other turned away, "take my over-coat. I don't like the sky." And he flung him that garment (of a light fawn-color) which he was carrying on his arm.

"Thanks, old fellow." And Gerald, throwing it over his shoulders, hastened away.

CHAPTER V.

It was a fact, howsoever Gerald arrived at the knowledge of it, that "my lady" Katy was alone that evening at the little farm-house, the usual week-day garrison, an old woman and two stout boys, having gone to a neighboring fair. But they would, of course, return before night, when Katy would, in all probability, trip across the fields to the town mansion in Llbwyddcoed.

As young Hurbandine hurried along he debated whether he would abide this chance or boldly attack the cottage. In the former case Katy might not be alone; in the latter she certainly would be; and that which Gerald had resolved upon demanded both time and secrecy. A side door, standing ajar, decided him; but, though conscious of an ally within, a whisper in Katy's heart that stood his friend, a tremor unusual with him—arising, perhaps, from the consciousness of taking an unfair advantage—checked him, as he raised his hand to knock. After a moment's irresolution he pushed the door a little wider open. Katy was before him.

Her back was toward the door, and, intent on her occupation, she was as yet unconscious of any beholder. The queen of beauty of Llbwyddcoed was not attired in satin and gold. She was neither working tapestry nor playing the lute. Her dress was a very full, short petticoat of some gray stuff, disclosing, as the wearer bent over her work, a beauty and amount of limb rarely vouchsafed to the gaze of mortal man; for Katy's heart was not purer than her taste, and, fair as she seemed, her ordinary attire rather disguised than augmented her loveliness. She had thrown off, for the moment's exigence, her upper dress, and pearly shoulders and rounded arms were having it all their own way, in a manner so entrancing that it was no wonder Gerald stood rooted to the ground like the bold hunter who surprised Diana.

The bewitching creature was doing something with a tub, but whether with milk or meal—inasmuch as her arms emerged from the white contents hardly whiter than before—it would have been impossible to say.

"Katy!"

The girl sprang round as if a shot had struck her. The next instant the color rushed into her face. She snatched her scarlet cloak from a clothes-horse that stood near, and wrapping it hastily round her neck and bosom, confronted her visitor with an air that had in it certainly more of anger than of love.

"It seems you knew that I was left *alone!*" she said, in a voice of unmistakable resentment.

Gerald pointed to the open door.

"That is part of my excuse. For the rest time is precious. I have that to say—"

"You will leave the house without another word," said Katy. "*Then,* I am not sure that I should be justified in listening to your excuses —even from the upper window."

"Consider my excuses made," said the young man; "and, for pity's sake, hear—"

"Not where you stand," returned the imperious young lady, as, with an air a duchess might have envied, she pointed to the door.

Policy, as well as good taste, suggested obedience, and Gerald, retreating, closed the door and walked round the angle of the cottage into the little garden. As if to reward this docility, Katy presently opened the lower window—almost within arm's-length. The brief interval had sufficed her nimble fingers to arrange her dress in its usual form, and when Katy appeared in the window her face was calm and rather pale. There was, moreover, a look of resolution in the lucid blue eyes she bent upon her lover which he did not at first understand.

"My lady," however, partook her father's taste for coming to the point; and, taking advantage of Gerald's momentary perplexity, did so now.

"You did wrong in coming hither, Mr. Hurbandine," she began.

"My name is Gerald, Katy," put in Gerald, softly.

"And mine Taffey," said Katy. "It is no matter; you did wrong, as I said, in coming—but, strange to say, I wished to see you, and—"

"Strange!"

"Your imprudence and selfishness have done me harm—much harm and wrong," continued the girl, her tears rising. "I have warned—reproached—entreated, in vain. Now, I have to tell you, you will never—"

"Stop. Will you not listen?" pleaded Gerald.

"Certainly, if *you* will," said Katy, with a sad little smile. "*My* speech first—it may shorten the discussion. My mother has spoken to me, and does not, I am afraid, quite believe that I have done all in my power to check this—what shall I call it?—this habit, this fancy of yours for singling me out, among the other village girls, for the high favor of your notice."

"Not so, Katy. I have ever been most guarded—"

"In the presence of your father. Yes," said Katy. "To do you justice, nothing, on those occasions, could be stonier—more becoming, that is—than your demeanor. Your brother is more daring. He smiles!"

"He did so for my sake—and yours," added Gerald, hastily.

"To distract papa's attention from the really naughty boy," said Katy, with a curl of the lip, which, nevertheless, quivered in the act. "It is very kind of Mr. Rochford. Indeed, you are both very kind—very thoughtful—for yourselves. On *my* account, at least, Mr. Hurbandine, you shall have no more trouble. Let this little amusement end. It has served its turn, and London must be pining for your reappearance. Henceforth I am the blacksmith's daughter; you the squire's son. And if I am entitled to any wages for my part in the pretty little play, let it be *this*"—and the girl drew herself up with unconscious dignity—"that neither yourself nor your brother presume to address me again. Do not, Mr. Hurbandine, do me the wrong of believing this coquetry or caprice. These arts are for high-bred ladies in London. Here we show what we feel, and mean what we say. Our acquaintance is ended. Now— Who is that?" she added, with a look of unmistakable alarm.

"Who? What? Where?" exclaimed Gerald.

"I thought some one stood in the shrubbery-path, and moved away when I cried out!" said Katy: "I—I am not quite myself. Perhaps it was my fancy," she added. "Now, go."

"Now for my speech," was Gerald's reply, as he moved a step nearer to the window. "I, too, have made my resolutions. I have been dreaming, but I awoke to-day; and to what conviction, what reality? Even this, my darling, that the whole tribe of Veres and Vavasours, from the remotest patriarch down to my humble self, are not to be weighed against one blacksmith's daughter, nay, not against her smallest finger or one lock of her silken hair!" He stopped for an instant. "Katy, will you marry me? Love, will you be my *wife?*"

The girl, white with emotion, pressed her hands to her bosom.

"Mr. Gerald!" she gasped.

"Say Gerald, and I am answered," pleaded the lover.

"But—your father—?"

"Leave that to me. All will be well. Speak, dear—your answer?"

"You are foolish, and I am wrong," said Katy, after a moment's struggle; "but—but—I love you, dear," and she burst into a passion of tears.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a few minutes before the satisfactory termination of the quarrel just described, that the worthy squire, while pausing in his evening stroll to prune a tree, was, to his great astonishment, cannoned against by a young man, who, with his dress disordered, and a face inflamed with heat and passion, came dashing through the trees as if regardless of all obstructions.

"Hallo, Tom Fullafield! what game's this?" shouted the squire, recovering his equilibrium.

"It's a providence—squire—findin' you here," gasped the young farmer. "Go you on to the corner, *that'n* leading to Taffey's farm—and—and you'll see."

"See! See what, man? Rick on fire?"

"Worse, you'll say," returned young Fullafield, with a sullen fierceness that provoked the impatient squire into grasping him by the collar.

"What d'ye mean, you blockhead?" he thundered. "Have you lost both brains and tongue?"

"There's your son a-kissin Taffey's daughter, that's all," returned Thomas, choking with excitement and insensate rage.

"My son? Which?"

"Mr. Rochford—curse him!" added Tom, in a lower voice.

The squire's eye flashed, but he displayed no outward anger.

"Get home, Fullafield," he said; "compose yourself, and say nothing."

He turned and strode away.

"The boy defies me, then? He shall repent it! Aye, to the next generation!" he muttered, furiously.

At the turn of the road the little farm-house indeed came into view. It was now dark, but forms were clearly distinguishable, and it so chanced that at the moment the squire obtained a view of what was going forward, Gerald was being permitted to take (through the window) a parting embrace of her whom he now regarded as his affianced wife. The brothers were much alike in build and stature. The squire's eye caught the familiar light-brown over-coat usually worn by Rochford, and not a doubt that it was his younger son entered his mind. He ground his teeth together, and his face grew white as he vowed in his mind to execute a certain resolution to which he had been striving to come. He turned and hurried homeward.

Suddenly a suspicion occurred to him.

"Can the boy be in earnest? Is it possible that, in spite of his disdainful denial, he is willing to make that pretty girl his wife? I will test him, at least," thought the squire. "Youth is changeable. Yes, that's but fair."

Rochford, on returning, as he said, from the stables, was informed that he was again required in the library.

"Rochford," said the squire, "I spoke hotly to you this morning, but I think you will acknowledge that I have not been, on the whole, an arbitrary, tyrannical, or even an irritable parent."

His son—not without a shade of compunction for his own shortcomings—admitted that such was the fact.

"You will have less hesitation, then," resumed the squire, "in owning the exact truth, although it may not be in strict accordance with what you have already given me to understand."

"As yet I do not comprehend your meaning, Sir," said Rochford.

"You told me this morning that nothing should induce you to present 'another Sukey Bubbs' for my paternal blessing. By that sarcasm you meant, I presume, that you would not condescend to marry beneath your station?"

"You are right, Sir. That was my meaning," replied the young man, steadily.

"Take care, Rochford; you can not have forgotten our conversation of the morning, nor my strongly-expressed desire that you should henceforth refrain from your harmful intercourse with my cottage tenantry. Now, take care," said the squire, biting his lip ominously.

"I have neither forgotten your commands nor the emphasis with which they were delivered," replied his son, whose inclination to retort too frequently overcame him.

"Then what do you mean by your conduct since?" thundered the squire.

"Since when? Restrain yourself, Sir, if you *can,*" said the young man, haughtily; "and suffer me to understand of what I am accused. I have done nothing contrary to your commands."

"That is a falsehood, Sir!"

Rochford started to his feet.

"A falsehood!"

"Am I not to believe my own eyes and ears?" shouted the squire, his passion increasing every moment. "You have disobeyed me. Now you would deceive me. Is *this* the honor of the Veres and Vavasours, of which you are so tender? There is not a lout on my land that does not better understand the word. You shall repent this. Yes, before you are a day older you shall bitterly regret your defiance of me. Have you any thing to say?" he added, as his son turned to leave the room.

"Not one word, Sir," said the young man, proudly, and the squire was alone.

The morning that succeeded this interview was bright and fresh, tempting more than one habitually early bird to be astir earlier still. Among these were Messrs. Taffey and Apreece, who lingered for a moment at the forge-door in conversation.

"That's most as passed," Mr. Taffey was remarking; "and I am glad it wan't more. He's a good heart and a wile temper—that's how *I* reads him. And if he'd make up his mind to marry any one as 'ood *ketch* that wile temper, an' let it fly out o' the winder, as my lady did as is gone, there'd be no better man. Hullo! Talk of the—Hem! here's the squire himself."

It was indeed Mr. Hurbandine who came trotting briskly down the street, and reined up at the forge.

"A word with you alone, Taffey."

The smith beckoned one of his swarthy followers to take the squire's horse, and they walked a little apart.

"Taffey," said Mr. Hurbandine, laying his hand on the smith's sleeve, "I have made up my mind to marry again."

The honest smith could not forbear a start, so aptly did the remark succeed to his late conversation with Apreece. But why come to *him?* Did the squire think that he could forge him a wife to order? His doubts were instantly resolved.

"You have a daughter, my old friend," continued the squire, "fair, modest, sweet, intelligent. She is worthy of any station. *She* is seventeen; *I* am forty-seven. If she were willing to sacrifice her bright youth to partake the lot of such a patriarch as I must appear to her, give her me to wife. Be sure that I will deal with your precious flower as tenderly, with affection as observant and as confiding, as any lowlier lover whom I may have balked of the prize. What say you?"

Mr. Taffey was far too much bewildered to say any thing. He could only stare at the eager speaker, shift from one leg to the other, take off his cap and put it on again, and wish for his wife.

As if the squire had divined this thought, he proposed an instant reference to that lady. To the cottage they went. Fate willed that Mrs. Taffey should be "out and about." So vague an indication of her whereabouts was too much for the impatient squire, and Katy being in her apartment, Mr. Taffey was prevailed on, much against his inclination, to undertake the office of plenipotentiary, and lay before his daughter the singular proposal, in which he himself could hardly yet believe.

"They did say as she should marry a lord," thought Mr. Taffey as he went out, scratching his head; "and a squire's next door to'n."

He was absent so long that the squire, finding the suspense intolerable, was about to disturb the conference, when the embassador returned, somewhat flushed and out of sorts.

"She won't ha' nothing to say to 't till she have seen *you*, squire," was the announcement.

"Devilish right of her," said the honest squire; "I like her the better for it."

"She've something on her mind, which you won't like so well, I do fear," remarked Mr. Taffey, doubtfully. "Here she is."

Katy entered, as he spoke, deadly pale, eyes a little red. She wore the dress of homely gray, in which she was wont to go about her cottage-work; but the richest, the most studied attire could have added nothing to the grace and dignity of the girl's manner as she courtesied, with a sort of lofty respect, to the lord of Llbwyddcoed. The latter, on his part, thought that he had never seen her to such advantage; for, in addition to the beauty with which he was familiar, there was in her countenance an expression of intense feeling that gave to every lineament life and speech.

"Katy—" began the squire. But she stopped him.

"Please, Mr. Hurbandine, before you say one word more, permit me to ask a question."

"Twenty, my dear," said the squire.

"Did you see your son last night?"

"I did."

"Did you speak of—of *me?*"

"Of nothing else," replied the squire.

"I must have misunderstood my father, then," said Katy, the color rising in her cheeks.

"And why so, my dear child?" asked the puzzled squire.

"Because," returned Katy, fixing her clear eyes steadily on him—"because your son, if he told you *any thing*, must have told you that *he* had asked me to become his wife, and that I had consented."

"Merciful Heaven, child! what are you saying?" ejaculated Mr. Hurbandine, in his turn growing pale. "My son asked you to be his *wife?*" Katy mistook his meaning.

"If you have not combined to insult me," she said, haughtily, "and if I understood your message, it was an honor his father did not disdain."

"*My* proposal was in earnest, my poor child," said the squire, divided between anger and sorrow.

"And *his?*" half whispered the girl.

"A lie!" shouted the squire. "A villainous deceit!—the common pretext of a libertine, whose other arts have failed. Alas! that I should live to say it of my son! Child, child! he had no thought of marriage. I gave him the opportunity of breaking it to me. I spoke with leniency—nay, with approbation—of a similar union once contracted in my family. He sneered it down. No, he is a rascal—the first, thank Heaven, in my line. There is no taint upon the honor of *my* ancestors; and the Veres and Vavasours, if boobies, are not blackguards. Forget him, my poor Katy."

The cottage-girl took him up unexpectedly. Making one step toward him, she looked him once more steadily in the face.

"Your son informed you, last night, that he had no intention of making me his wife?"

"He distinctly repeated a declaration he had made to me in the morning, that nothing should induce him to marry beneath his station—my consent (I conclude) notwithstanding."

"Fresh from my presence!" murmured Katy.

"Even so," said the squire, sadly.

"Mr. Hurbandine," resumed the girl, raising her eyes suddenly, with a light in them he had not seen before, "if I could believe this insult possible—"

"Katy! you doubt my word! But go on. *If*—"

"I would say, Do with me as you please," said Katy, turning her crimson face from the squire to her father, which latter gentleman had been a silent, not to say bewildered, spectator of this scene.

"What further proof do you require, Katy?" inquired Mr. Hurbandine. "Would you hear from his own lips the confirmation of what I have told you?"

"Then, indeed, I could not doubt," said Katy. "But oh! Sir, if you had heard him!" The proud head drooped forward to conceal the tear that would not be denied.

"Then, so you shall!" exclaimed the squire. "But, see, Katy. In your father's presence, I hold you to your pledge. If my son rejects the treasure of your wifely love, it is mine, mine!—and he that dared insult your innocence with his profligate vows shall see you seated where his mother sat, the mistress of Llbwyddcoed. Taffey, my good friend, you are witness of our compact. This very morning must decide all. Explain every thing to your good wife; bid her soothe and guard my precious Kate, and come up with her—you also, my old friend—to the hall about noon. Leave the rest to me."

He was gone.

CHAPTER VII.

THE noonday sun was casting rich gleams through the stained-glass windows of the squire's library, and directing a particularly bright one upon the face of Lady Susan Vavasour (born Bubbs), at whom Mr. Hurbandine stood gazing with an interest even more than common.

"I hate eavesdropping," said the squire, leaving the picture, and beginning to pace the room. "It's a shabby thing at best; but in this case—at least, in my humble judgment—'tis the best and shortest way. Half a dozen words, and there an end! Whereas we may go on fending and fencing, and proving and doubting, for a week without it. Yes, better so," concluded the honest squire, as, with a slightly heightened color, he took a large light screen that leaned against the wall, and, opening it, drew it across the room in such a manner as to conceal a door that opened upon a side staircase.

At that door he listened for a moment.

"They are coming!"

The next moment Mr. and Mrs. Taffey, with Katy, made their appearance under the guidance of a trusty old servant of the squire's, who withdrew.

The two elder visitors spoke in whispers, and walked on tip-toe, like a pair of respectable married burglars. Mr. Taffey had with difficulty been prevailed upon not to leave his boots at the foot of the stairs. Katy followed, with a face and air outwardly calm and composed enough, but a deadly pallor succeeded to the blush with which she had acknowledged the squire's greeting, and she found herself compelled to accept one of the chairs he had hastily placed for her mother and herself. There she forced herself to sit, with a cold judicial air, waiting for her doom.

The squire had hardly seated himself in his accustomed place when Rochford, summoned by the old servant, made his appearance.

"Sit down, Rochford," said his father, in a conciliatory tone. "Our last two interviews have not had results as satisfactory as I could desire."

"The third time is proverbially lucky, Sir," said the young man, smiling. "I am here to know your pleasure."

"My pleasure is your happiness," returned the squire. "Make me your friend, Roch. Have no mental reservation with me in regard to what I am about to say. Will you promise?"

"I do, Sir," said the young man, after a moment's pause.

"Enough. What are your feelings—what your object—with respect to Katy Taffey?"

There was a slight movement behind the screen, but neither gentleman observed it.

Rochford had hesitated for an instant, then he said: "Will you, in your turn, promise me, my dear father, if my answer does not please you, to restrain your anger?"

"I will, Roch. On my honor, by your mother's memory," said the squire, with feeling, "I will."

"Then, Sir," said Rochford, rising, "I repeat my twice-made declaration. I do not love the girl; and if I did, such are the prejudices I was born with, that I would not marry her."

"You are a greater scoundrel than I took you for!" said the squire, in a distinct but perfectly controlled voice. "No heroics, if you please," he added; for Rochdale had sprung from his chair as if his father had dealt him a blow. "Leave me, and blame yourself for what may follow."

Rochdale looked silently at his father, and quitted the room.

The squire flung the screen aside.

But the girl, with a gesture almost of alarm, motioned him from her. She strove to utter some words, but failed, and fell helplessly into her mother's arms.

"What—what is this? Is she not content yet?" asked the perplexed squire. "Can tongue speak plainer? Tell me, Taffey, what can I do more?"

The smith passed his hand through his iron-gray locks.

"Well, squire—begging pardon," he said, "you knows I'm a houtspoken man, and, since you puts it to us wot you mought do, my missis thinks, and so do I, and we've been all a-thinking—on'y we didn't like for to be troublesome—that you'd better try the screen again, and just see what t'other 'll say!"

"T'other!" ejaculated the squire.

There was no time for further explanation, nor any need to replace the screen. Gerald, resolved to confess all to his father, entered the study at that moment for that very purpose.

Words were superfluous *then*. The eyes, the cheeks, of the young lovers told every thing—every thing that was essential to the squire's enlightenment. It was left for after-explanation how the incidental borrowing of a light-brown paletot, by a gentleman who generally sported a dark one, had led to such serious complications and important discoveries.

The squire, frank and generous as he was quick and impulsive, accepted a solution far more apt and seemly than that he had, for a brief space, had in contemplation, and heartily lent himself to the fulfillment of his own prophecy. There *was* a marriage at Llbwyddcoed; and, if it was not a merry one, we, who were among the bidden, know not what mirth means. Patrician and plebeian guests united on this occasion in such harmony, and with such a community of good-breeding, that it was almost impossible to say which was which. It was, however, noticeable that neither my Lord Leatherhead nor the Honorable Mr. Castleton was present.

Mr. Rochdale, though gay and condescending at the festivity, had not, at that period, wholly forgiven his brother's choice. It was remarked that he never again wore that fawn-colored paletot which had indirectly contributed to the wooing of Katy, and shortly after presented it to his valet. It is to be presumed, however, that he has got over the prejudices he was "born with," being now engaged to a very amiable girl, the only daughter and heiress of David Black Dymond, Esq., the well-known millionaire, who commenced his useful and prosperous career as a common miner at half-a-crown a day.

Some words caught our ear, as we wandered through the marriage throng, spoken by two gentlemen in very holiday garments, who were half concealed by a column in the hall. They were Mr. Apreece and Mr. Taffey.

"Nunc est bibendum," remarked the former, and there was a clinking of glasses, as in good fellowship.

"Werry much so," returned Mr. Taffey, "if by bend 'em means 'be civil.' If all great folks, like squire, would bend 'em a little more, 'twould be better going for all."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A HANDSOME young bride was observed to be in deep reflection on her wedding-day. One of her bridemaids asked her the subject of her meditation. "I was thinking," she replied, "which of my old beaux I should marry if I should become a widow."

A CHARITY SERMON—One illustrated with plates.

A Yankee has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his lodgers mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

A king possessed a fabulist who greatly amused him. Once when the fabulist was in bed the king bade him rise and tell him a story. The fabulist, half dead for want of sleep, did his best to evade compliance, but he was compelled to obey. He accordingly commenced thus:

"Sire, there was once upon a time a man who had a hundred golden sous; and with this money he was anxious to purchase some sheep, and each sheep cost six *deniers;* and he bought two hundred; and he returned to the village with his two hundred sheep; and he chased them before him. But on returning he discovered that the river was swollen, for it had rained a great deal, and the water had overspread the country, and there was no bridge, and he didn't know how to pass across with his sheep. After searching about for a little time he discovered a boat; but this boat was so little, so very little, that he could only pass two sheep at a time." And here the fabulist paused.

"Well," exclaimed the king, "when these two were passed, what then did he do?"

"Sire, you know that the river was large, that the boat was very small, and that there were two hundred sheep. They require time to get across. Let us sleep until they have all passed over.—To-morrow I will tell you the remainder."

A theoretically benevolent man, on being asked by a friend to lend him a dollar, answered briskly, "With pleasure," but suddenly added, "dear me, how unfortunate!—I've only one lending dollar, and that is out."

"SOMEWHAT MIXED."

Scene in a London Court-Room.

PLAINTIFF. "I am very much ill-used by a woman who is my husband's wife, and a man who is another woman's husband."

MAGISTRATE. "I don't clearly understand you."

PLAINTIFF. "Don't you? Well, I am my husband's wife, and he's got another wife. I want to take proceedings against my husband and his wife. They lead me a rare life, particularly my husband's other wife."

MAGISTRATE. "He can't have another wife."

PLAINTIFF. "But he has got her, and I paid for it."

MAGISTRATE. "You mean to say that your husband has committed bigamy?"

PLAINTIFF. "That I do; and I paid for it."

MAGISTRATE. "You paid for it?"

PLAINTIFF. "I've got it here (producing a certificate). I paid 2s. 7*d.* for it to the parson's wife at Hammersmith."

Some Californian started the following: "A noted trout-fisher died in Alameda County, not long ago. Fishing was the one idea of his existence. His last words were characteristic. 'I say, Brown, I'm going to "peg out," sure. I've flirted my last fish; but bury my tackle with me—who knows but they bite in Jordan?'"

The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries:

"I am anxiously expecting you.—A.D. 1827."
"Here I am.—A.D. 1867."

So the good woman was forty years making up her mind to follow her husband.

"Aw! how duth you like my mustache, Miss Laura?" lisped a dandy to a merry girl. "Oh, very much. It looks like the fur on the back of a caterpillar."

"Why are old maids so devoted to their cats?" asked a young coxcomb of an elderly lady. "Because, having no husbands, they take to the *next most treacherous animals,*" was the reply.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

Abandon, to.—A term synonymous with "jilt." Used by the jilters. "The fact is, my dear, I was obliged to abandon him."

Abominable.—The conduct of a man who has flirted without coming to the point—used by mammas.

Absurd.—Every argument which does not entirely coincide with a woman's wishes.

Abuse.—Any serious remark inculcating a reprimand.

Abusive.—Admits of different definitions according to the station of the person employing it. A cook is abusive who informs her mistress she is a stingy old cat, and ought to be ashamed of calling herself a lady. But the cook says her mistress is abusive when she replies, "It is very sad to hear you speak in such a manner, and you must leave my house at once."

Accent.—Remarked by women immediately in all foreigners' English, except in that spoken by Mr. Fechter.

Accept, to.—The act of striking, when the gudgeon is hooked.

Accompaniment.—Some one to turn over her music when she sings herself. A means of revenge when she accompanies one of her own sex.

Accomplishments.—The finishing touches to the picture before it goes for sale to the exhibition.

Account-book.—Something to be seen at the Museum. Quite out of date.

Accuracy.—Unknown.

Ache.—Headache. Another word for ill-humor, one of woman's arms of offense. Toothache—a trap for flattery; generally complained of by possessors of superb ivories. Heartache—Another word for jealousy.

Act, to.—What every woman does off the stage, and what so few can do on.

Actor (of repute).—Handsome, charming, delightful.

Actress.—A creature.

Admiration.—Cash paid into a bank which does its utmost to prevent circulation.

Admirer.—All mankind in the eyes of mamma.

Adoration.—The only attraction which makes a woman wish to be a saint.

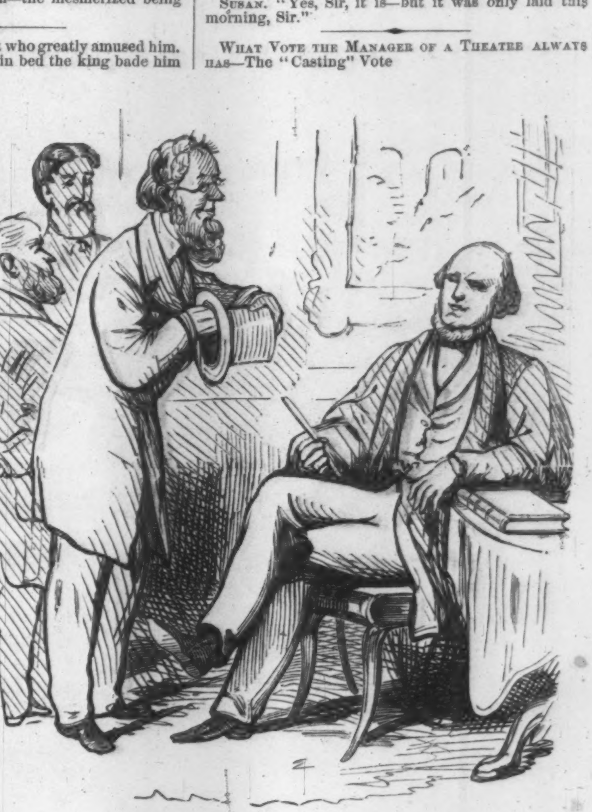
A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun. After some hesitation she replied, "It is both common and proper."

"Och!" says Paddy, "I'll never be able to put on these boots till I've worn them a week or two."

BACHELOR AT BREAKFAST. "Dear me, Susan, that's a very small egg."

SUSAN. "Yes, Sir, it is—but it was only laid this morning, Sir."

WHAT VOTE THE MANAGER OF A THEATRE ALWAYS HAS—The "Casting" Vote



A CONSIDERABLE DIFFERENCE.

First Democratic Delegate.—"MR. CHASE, WE WANT YOU TO BE OUR LEADER IN THIS CONTEST."

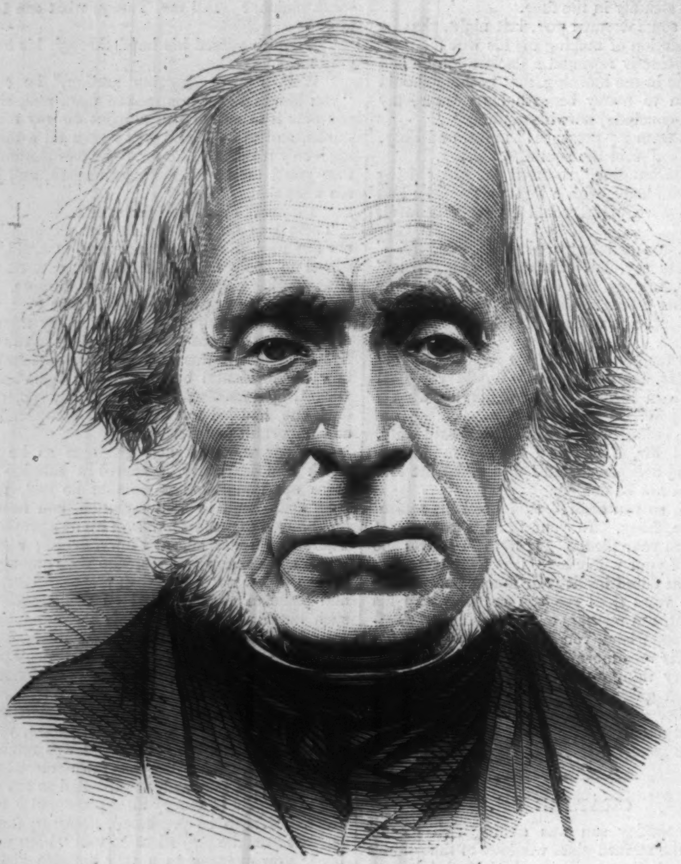
Mr. C.—"AH! WELL, IS IT A 'LEADER' OR A FOLLOWER YOU WANT?"

Second Democratic Delegate.—"I GUESS WE'D BETTER TRY SOMEBODY ELSE." [*Exeunt D. D.'s.*

DISRAELI ADDRESSING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first appearance of Mr. Disraeli in his new character as Premier of England took place in the House of Commons on March 5, and for a time the event was talked of as the sensation of the day. The English newspaper descriptions of the scene were very elaborate and spicy and entertaining. The London *News* has the following account of Mr. Disraeli's appearance and manner on the occasion referred to:

"Certainly the audience which assembled to witness the re-entry of Mr. Disraeli in his new character of Prime Minister ought to have satisfied him. Of course, as on all occasions when expectation beats high for the advent of a particular event, a number of small matters which ordinarily do not present themselves intervened. There was a good deal of private business, there was an accumulation of petitions; and it thus happened that the hero of the moment came on with a certain inopportuneness, in the midst of a speech to which people were trying to listen with very little success. To say truth, Mr. Disraeli did not look very heroic. He appeared to ape a degree of humility; his shoulders were more bent forward, his eyes more downcast, than ever; and one might have thought that for the moment he wished that he was a Japanese, and had a fan to place before his face. There was good, but not tumultuous, cheering; and the Opposition decidedly joined in it so long as it lasted, which was not very long. Again, a number of twaddling notices of motions and questions tried the patience of the assemblage, which was waiting for the oracle to pronounce. When he did speak, it was in that vein which is not his happiest, and which may be described as an effort to show deep emotion, when in reality there is very little, if any, using the word in its ordinary sense. Except that he professed a 'liberal, a truly liberal, policy,' at which, of course, every one laughed, he said very little, though he spoke in reality for the best part of half an hour. On the whole, the merit may be given him of having 'borne his faculties meekly,' and that he was particularly civil and deferential to the House."



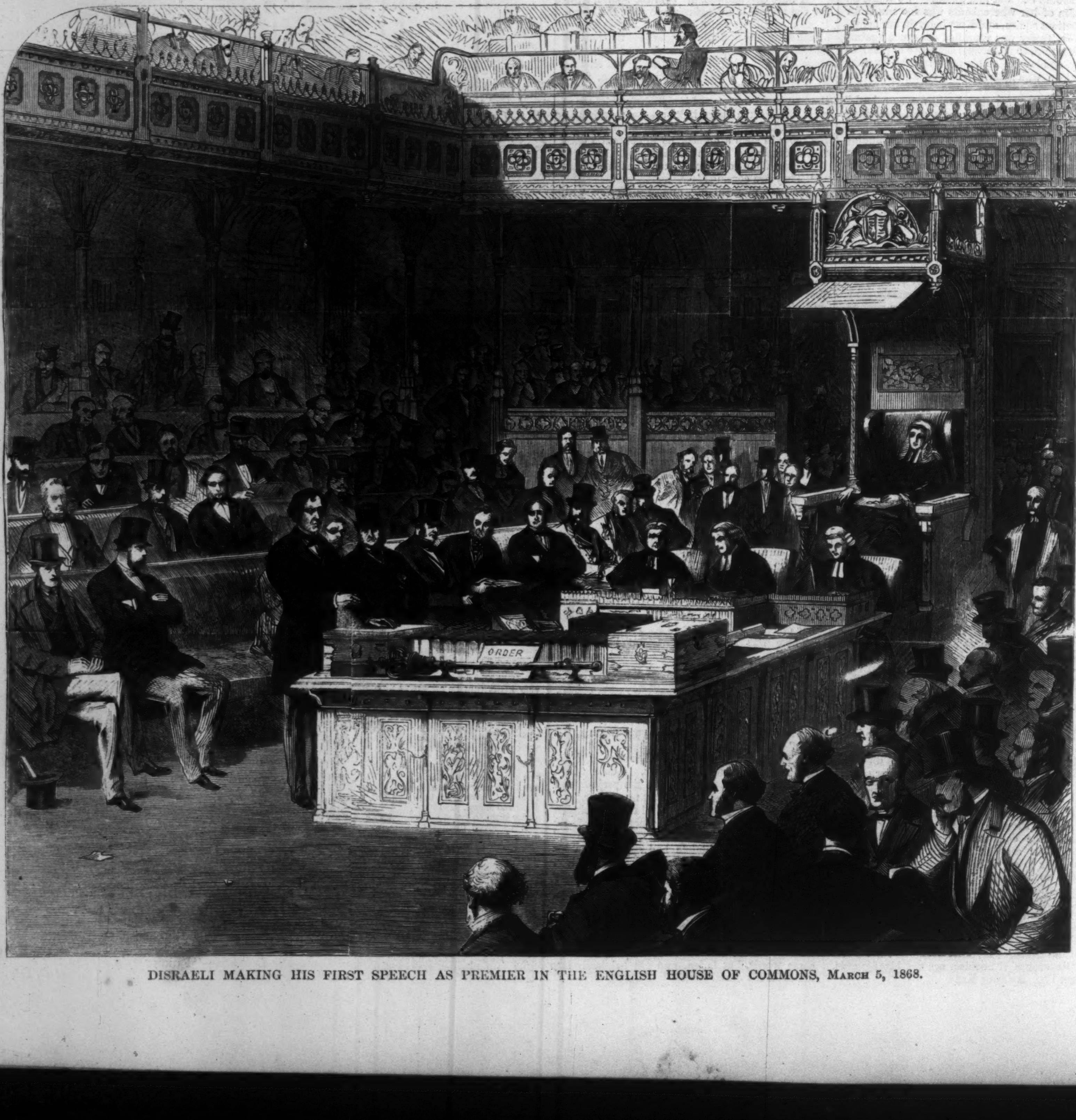
THE LATE SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

THE LATE SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

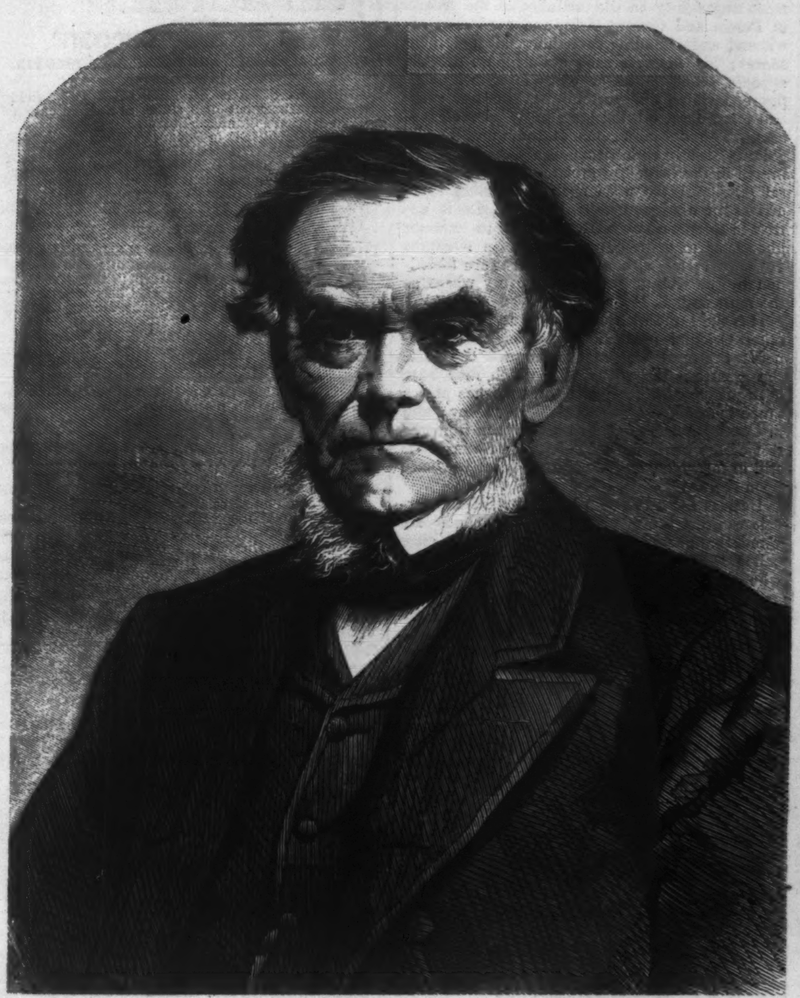
On February 10, at the ripe age of eighty-six, there passed away one of the greatest philosophers of our age. Science and religion are by no means antagonistic. The poet tells us that "an undevout astronomer is mad;" and we may be sure that that is a false science which leads men to reject religious teaching. That science is only true and valuable which leads us more and more to cultivate love and faith in God; and the highest praise we can give a philosopher is, that while these wise men and *savans* have discovered that the teachings of science are irreconcilable with a belief in the Bible, he can perceive the harmony between that and God's outward world, where "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge;" and this praise was due to Sir David Brewster in an eminent degree.

He was born at Jedburgh, December 11, 1781. He was educated for the Church of Scotland; but in time his inclination for scientific pursuits led him to other branches of study. In 1800 he received the honorary degree of M.A. from the University of Edinburgh. In 1807 he obtained the distinction of LL.D. from the sister institution at Aberdeen; and in 1808 was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Meanwhile his important discoveries in optics had made his name so famous in literature that he was elected editor of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*—an onerous post, the duties of which he discharged for two-and-twenty years. In 1831 he laid the scientific world under still further obligations by becoming one of the founders of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

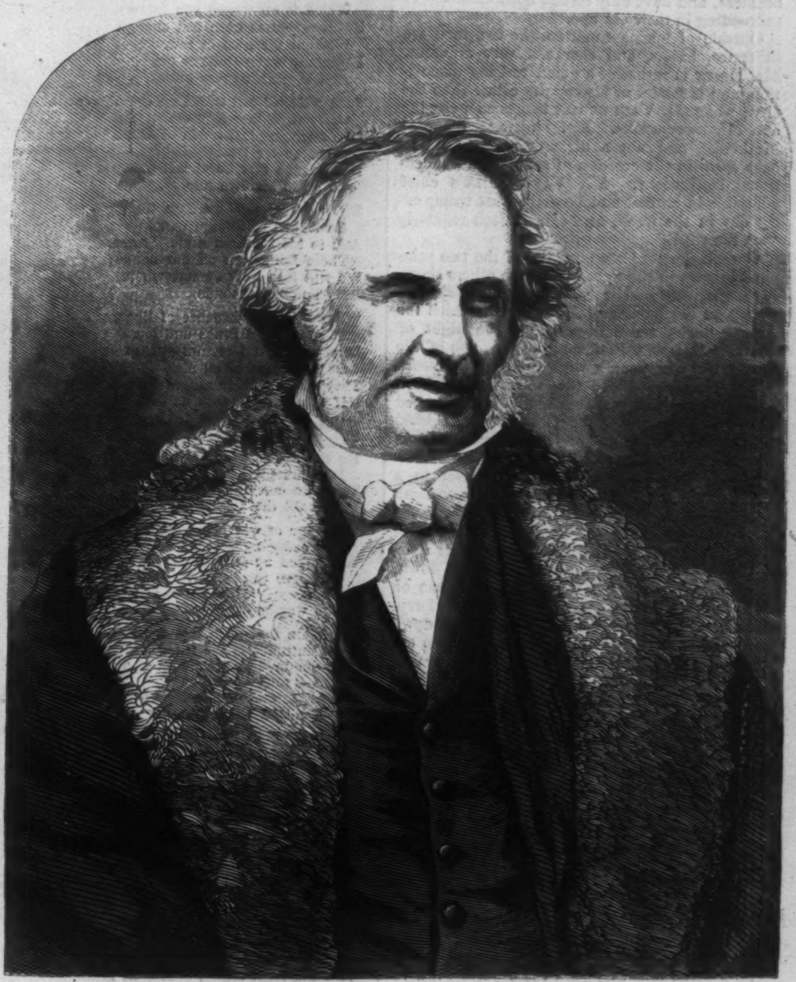
As a writer and author Sir David was most laborious and successful. In a short paper, such as this necessarily must be, and to non-scientific readers, we presume it is utterly impossible to tell what Sir David has done, and what are his claims on our admiration and regard, either as a discoverer of new truth, or as a popular interpreter of the great laws of the natural world around. Most of us must take Sir David's merits upon trust. That he was one of the



DISRAELI MAKING HIS FIRST SPEECH AS PREMIER IN THE ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS, March 5, 1868.



DANIEL DREW, TREASURER OF THE ERIE RAILROAD.—[Photographed by Brady, N. Y.]

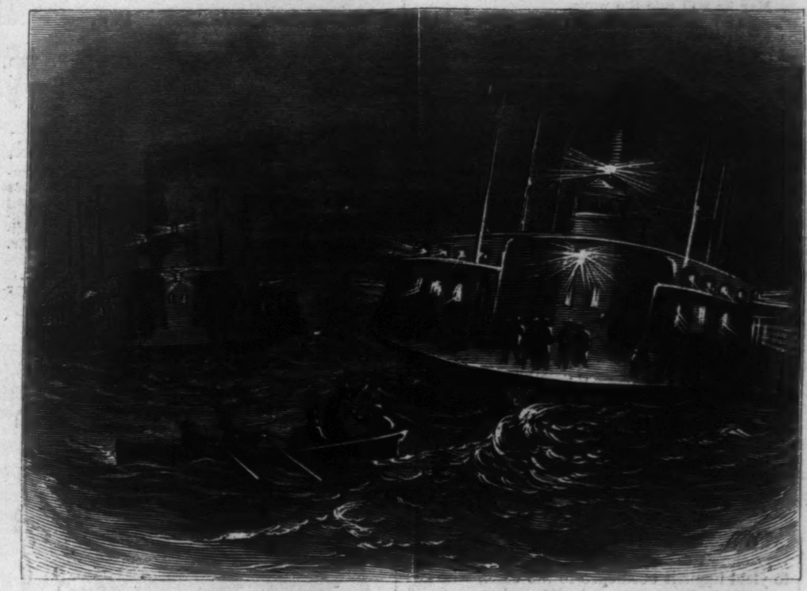


CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—[Phot. by Brady.]

greatest natural philosophers of the day is the universal testimony of the best judges in our own and other lands.

Optics, as we have already implied, was the field in which Sir **David** has chiefly labored. Perhaps no branch of research has presented such startling results as spectrum analysis. **Wollaston**, in 1808, discovered that the solar spectrum was traversed by innumerable dark lines. Twelve years later their number was estimated at 600. Subsequently they were discovered by Sir **David** to be 2000; and now "we are beginning to apprehend the startling truth," says a recent scientific writer, "that this method of analysis presents a means of examining the nature and constitution of bodies millions of miles distant, and of ascertaining that many of the metals which form our earth are present also in the solar system." When, by the aid of the solar spectrum, Sir **David** analyzed light into three primary colors, he rendered a service which will make his name ever memorable, even though subsequent research may render his discoveries antiquated, as he did those of Sir **Isaac Newton** before him.

On Sir **David** honors of all kinds have been widely showered. There is scarcely a learned society on the Continent or in America which has not hastened to honor itself in honoring a man who has done so much to enlarge the domains of science, to promote the knowledge of it among the masses, and to render it beneficial to humanity. Sir **David** was twice married—once to a daughter of the "Ossian" **MacPherson**.

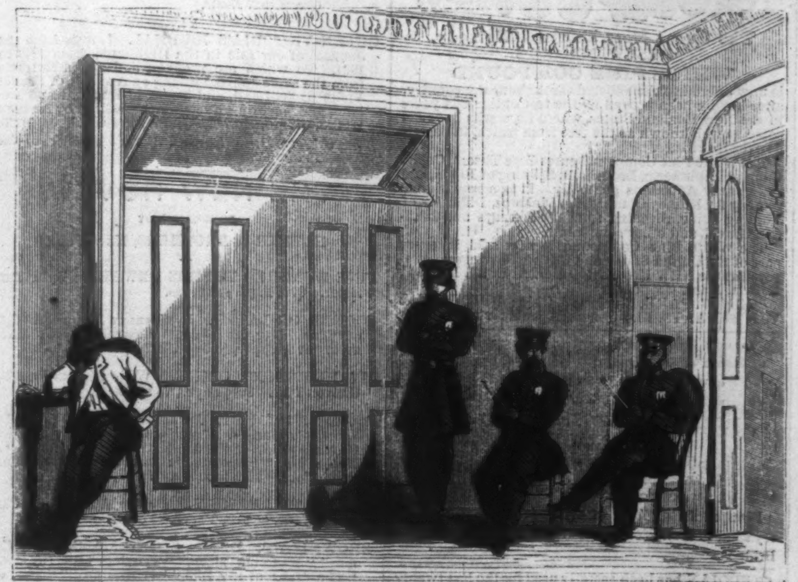


MESSRS. FISK AND GOULD ESCAPING TO NEW JERSEY.—[Sketched by W. Waud.]

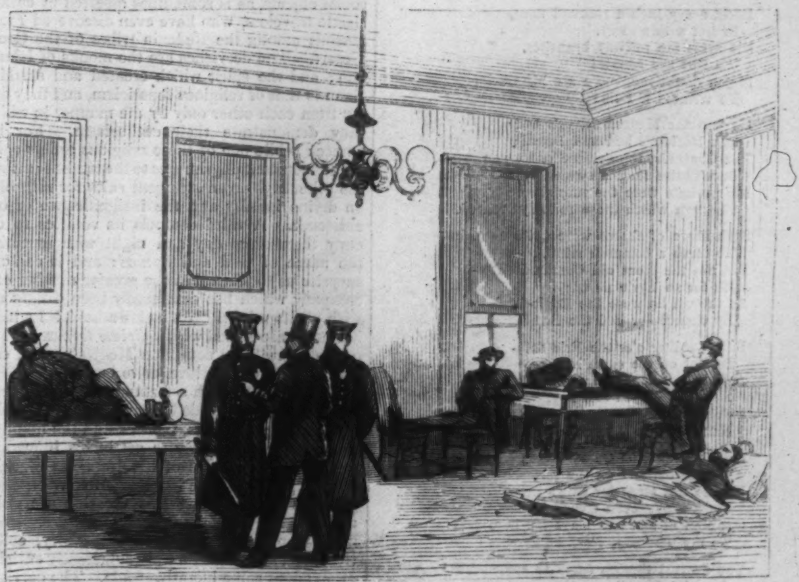
THE GREAT RAILROAD WAR.

There is no more singular chapter in all the varied romance of Wall Street than the facts in the remarkable contest now going on between the rival New York Central and the New York and Erie Railroads to secure the business of carrying the immense quantities of freight which comes from the West to New York by these two routes. The wealth and importance of the contesting roads; the prominence of the two men who control them and who direct this war; the singularity, not to say the illegality, of the judicial proceedings in the case; the amount of money involved in the quarrel; the numbers of brokers, bankers, and speculators engaged, pecuniarily, in it; the vigor and boldness of the effort to take possession of the Erie road the not less bold manœuvre of a change of base to New Jersey soil—in short, all the circumstances of the rivalry make it one of the strangest "stories of the street." It is related fully in our editorial columns.

The chief contestants in this "fight" are remarkable men. Both are self-made, in fortune and education; both men of great energy and determination, and both men of colossal fortune. Mr. **Vanderbilt**, the eldest of the two, is now seventy-three years of age, but strong and healthy as a man of fifty. Mr. **Drew** is now seventy-one years of age, and enjoying vigorous health. Both made their great fortunes—Mr. **Vanderbilt** is said to be worth $40,000,000 and Mr. **Drew** about $20,000,000—in the steamboat



THE ERIE RAILROAD DIRECTORS' ROOM AT THE TAYLOR HOTEL, JERSEY CITY.
[Sketched by W. Waud.]



THE GUARD-ROOM OF THE ERIE SPECIAL POLICE AT TAYLOR'S HOTEL.
[Sketched by W. Waud.]

business, and have only turned their attention to railroading in their old age.

Outside of business matters the two men are in tastes, habits, and character very different. Mr. Drew is rather of a quiet, retiring disposition, and is fonder of his country estate than the city; while Mr. Vanderbilt insists on a city life and city associations. Mr. Drew is a devout Methodist, and not a little of his wealth has been spent in the erection of schools and educational institutions. Mr. Vanderbilt's chief delight is in horses, and he drives fast teams every day in the week, and can be seen regularly "on the road."

Our illustrations are portraits of the two principal leaders in the fight, and three others showing an incident of the flight to New Jersey, and scenes at the hotel in Jersey City, in which the Drew forces are besieged. On the night of March 15 Messrs. Fisk and Gould, two of the Erie Railroad directors, were dining at Delmonico's, when they heard that warrants had been issued for their arrest. They immediately jumped into a carriage and drove to the foot of Canal Street, where an officer of the steamer *St. John* lowered a boat and, with two deck hands, attempted the passage of the North River in a dense fog. Mr. Fisk directed the men to head up the river, to keep out of the track of the ferry-boats; but the fog was so thick that they lost their reckoning and rowed for some time in a circle. They were at one time nearly run down, only saving themselves by the vigorous use of their lungs. Once they escaped from one ferry-boat only in time to see another bearing down upon them. Ultimately they determined to endeavor to get some assistance, and for this purpose hailed a Pavonia ferry-boat; but could get no response, and therefore made a clutch at the supports of the guard, and were drawn so near to the wheel as to nearly wash the whole party out of the boat. They however saved her from swamping, and climbed on board, arriving shortly after at Jersey City, safe and sound, but thoroughly drenched.

The Taylor Hotel in Jersey city is used as the quarters of the Drew party, and one of the rooms is now known as the "Directors' Room." Our view is of the exterior of this room. It is guarded night and day by police, who are sufficiently impressed with the solemn duty that has devolved upon them, and are more reticent than gentlemen of the profession usually are. The favored few who pass these portals are received by Mr. Fisk with such good-humored cordiality that it is difficult to imagine that he and his brother directors are in a state of siege. "The Guard Room" was formerly the ladies' parlor of the hotel. A force of about seventy-five specials are on duty at the hotel during the night, and occupy when off duty this apartment, where they are in waiting to prevent any raid which the "Vanderbilt party" may attempt to make.

VORACIOUS.

A LAY "OF LADIES' LOVE AND DRU-ERIE."

By C. H. Webb.

Cornelius, the Great Cornerer,
  A solemn oath he swore;
That in his trowsers pockets he
  Would put one railroad more:
And when he swears, he means it—
  The stout old Commodore.

Words have a certain weightiness
  That strikes one of a heap,
When dropped by men whose early home
  Has been upon the deep—
With so much saltness in their speech,
  Their oaths are sure to keep.

It serves him well, the Commodore,
  His battling with the breeze;
Knowing the ropes, he takes and swings
  The biggest Line with ease—
As one should do who all his life
  Has been upon the Seize.

Not following now the seas, instead
  You see him behind Bays;
'Tis said he always holds a pair;
  And no one him gainsays—
Being on stocks, 'tis plain that he
  Must have his way and Ways.

Each, every inch a railroad man,
  In not a line awry,
His arms are railway branches,
  His feet are termini—
If you doubt me, there are his tracks
  To witness if I lie!

He was the Hudson River's bed·
  The Harlem's bed and Board;
The Central's, too—whose cattle-pen
  Is mightier than a sword:
His pockets were the tunnels
  Through which these railways roared.

Such share of shares were quite enough
  To serve a common mind,
But not the stout old Commodore's—
  He for an Eyrie pined;
As though he were the Eagle bird—
  By chance—or had the Blind.

But brooding o'er the Erie sat—
  In fact on the same lay—
A bird that, feathering his nest,
  Affirmed by yea and nay,
Before he'd budge he'd see them all,
  Much further than I'll say.

Said he unto the Commodore:
  "Your bark is on the sea,
But do not steer for Erie's ile,
  Since that's been struck by me.
Go, man of sin, and leave me here
  To my Theology!"

The dearest ties on earth to some
  Are plainly railroad ties;
So little wonder that he spoke
  In anger and surprise—
Tears would not flow; the Commodore,
  It seems, had dammed his eyes.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug—"
  Which is all wrong you know;
Unfriendly fires burn fast enough
  Without the help of tow,
Especially when Coke is on,
  And several lawyers blow.

Such "Eerie" sights, such "Eerie" sounds
  Came from this Erie crew,
It seemed, indeed, a den of Lines
  Prepared for Daniel—Drew!
Not strange that he at last resolved
  To make his own ado.

Fleeing from jars—perhaps the jug—
  He looked to foreign lands,
And to his brethren said: "Arise,
  These Bonds put off our hands;
We will into New Jersey, where
  My Seminary stands.

"There, in that benefice of Bogs,
  Of stocks and Stubs and fen,
Directors—if not rectors—we'll
  Be all Tyngs to all men—
They'll strain their canon some, I think,
  If they would reach us then!"

'Twas thus that Daniel's bark—and bite—
  Came on the Jersey shore:
He can not cross, since in his face
  Is slammed the Commodore;
There he must bide his time and tide—
  Tied till the row is o'er.

The gage of war has been thrown down,
  A broad-gauge—broad and free—
And taken up—the Commodore,
  A ganger is, per sea:
Cries Drew: "He only wants to get
  The weather-gage of me!"

'Tis plain that if, in this tournay—
  A l'outrance is the tilt—
The Commodore should keep his seat
  And Daniel be the spilt,
The latter must make tracks, but roads
  Will all be Vander built.

While it upon the other hand
  The Commodore should fall,
He'll see that little backward time
  Asked for by Mr. Ball—
In other words, he'd lose his age,
  And Drew would have the can.

Just how the joust may terminate,
  Nobody knows nor cares;
No need to ask how fares the fight—
  They'll ask us for our fares,
And which'er side may win will plow
  The public with its shares.

So we will sing, Long live the Ring,
  And Daniel long live he,
May his High school confer on him
  Exceeding high degree,
Doubling his D's until, indeed,
  He is D. D., D. D!

As for the stout old Commodore
  May he still rule the wave,
Yet never waive the Golden Rule,
  E'en the odd trick to save:
If called to play the railway King,
  May he ne'er play the knave.

This ends my lay, if either wins;
  But if they both should fail—
I mean that if, by any chance,
  This struggle o'er a rail
Should end like the Kilkenny cats',
  You'll see another tail.

THE DERVISHES OF CENTRAL ASIA.

The dervish is the veritable personification of Eastern life. Idleness, fanaticism, and slovenliness are the features which in him are regarded as virtues, and which every where are represented by him as such. Idleness is excused by allusion to human impotence; fanaticism explained as enthusiasm in religion; and slovenliness justified by the uselessness of poor mortals in struggling against fate. As the dervish represents the general character, so he does the different peoples of the East. It is true, Mohammedanism enforces the dogma, "All Islamites are one nation;" but the origin and home of the different sects are easily recognized. The members of the different fraternities are bound together by very close ties; apprentices and assistants have to yield implicit obedience to the chief, who has an unlimited power over the life and property of his brethren. But these fraternities do not in the least trouble themselves about secret political or social objects, as is sometimes asserted by enthusiastic travelers, who have even discovered Freemasons among the Bedouin tribes of the Great Desert. The dervishes are the monks of Islamism; and the spirit which created and sustains them is that of religious fanaticism, and they differ from each other only by the manner in which they demonstrate their enthusiasm. For instance: while one of these religious orders commands constant pilgrimages to the tombs of saints, the other lays down stringent rules for reflection on divine infinity and the insignificance of our existence. A third compels its votaries to occupy themselves day and night with repeating the name of God and hymns; and it can not surprise us to learn that the greater number of a company which has continually been calling out with all its might, "Ja hu! Ja hakk! La illahi illa hu!" are seized with *delirium tremens*. The orthodox call this condition Medjzub; *i.e.*, carried away by divine love, or to be in ecstasy. A person to whom such a fortunate event happens, for as such it is regarded, is envied by every body; and, as long as it lasts, the sick and the maimed, and barren women, try to get in his immediate presence, taking hold of his dress—as touching it is supposed to have healing powers.

Those who embrace this vocation are either unprincipled and lazy fellows, or professed beggars, who, under the cloak of poverty, collect treasures, and when they are sufficiently enriched often adopt some lucrative trade. The dervishes of India, and particularly those of Cashmere, are throughout the East pre-eminent among their Mohammedan brethren for cunning, secret arts, forms of exorcism, etc. These fellows impose most impudently on the credulity of the people in Persia and Central Asia, and even men of wit and understanding sometimes fall into their snares; for wherever such a Cashmere dervish appears, gifted, as he generally is, with a noble figure, striking features, bright, eloquent eyes, and long, dark, flowing hair, he is sure of success. The Mohammedans of India and the adjoining Eastern countries have always been celebrated in the Islamite world for their supernatural gifts. As soon as such a traveling saint arrives in a Mohammedan country, he is entreated to cure dangerous maladies, to exorcise ghosts, or to point out where hidden treasures are buried: for, although those arts are forbidden by the Koran, they appear every where as the most zealous Mohammedans.

It is the same with dervishism as with all the other Oriental institutions, customs, and manners: the more we penetrate toward the East, the greater is the purity with which they have been preserved. In Persia the dervishes play a much more important part than in Turkey; and in Central Asia, isolated as it has been from the rest of the world for centuries, this fraternity is still in full vigor, and exercises a great influence upon society.

Besides the dervishes who, as physicians, miracle-working saints, or harmless vagabonds, are wandering about in Central Asia, there is a class called "*Khanka neshin,*" or convent dwellers, who always wish to appear as the poorest, and are without doubt the most contemptible fellows in the world. Generally speaking, they are opium eaters, who, by their excessive filth, skeleton-like body, and frightfully distorted features, present a most repulsive appearance. The worst is that they do not confine themselves to practicing this fearful vice themselves, but with a singular persistency endeavor to make converts among all classes; and, supported by the want of spirituous drinks, they succeed but too frequently in their wicked attempts. These wretched people are regarded as eminently religious, of whom it is thought that from their love to God and the Prophet they had become mad, and stupefied themselves in order that in their excited state they might be nearer the beings whom they loved so well.

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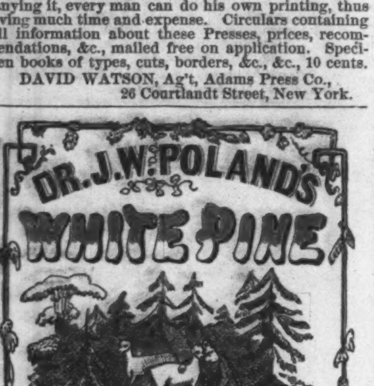

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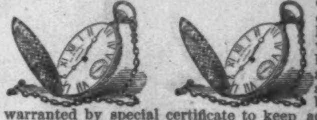

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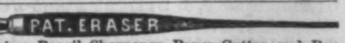

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